NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08254599 1

Leupp

AGZ

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/nationalminiatur00leup

NATIONAL
MINIATURES

SOME NEW BORZOI BOOKS

HONEYCOMB
By Dorothy Richardson

THE OUTRAGE
By Annie Vivanti Chartres

MADAME SAND
By Philip Moeller

MARTIN RIVAS
By Alberto Blest-Gana

GOLD AND IRON
By Joseph Hergesheimer

AIRS AND BALLADS
By John McClure

A LITTLE BOY LOST
By W. H. Hudson

THE STAG'S HORNBOOK
Edited by John McClure

WHERE BONDS ARE LOOSED
By E. L. Grant Watson

NATIONAL MINIATURES

BY

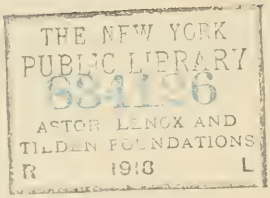
"TATTLER"

PUBLIC LIBRARY

NEW YORK
ALFRED · A · KNOPF
MCMXVIII

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY
ALFRED A. KNOPF

Published February, 1918



PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To

HAROLD DE *WOLF FULLER*

In whose gallery these miniatures originally hung

A WORD TO THE READER

Few of the men and women we recognize broadly as public characters are known, except by name, to the mass of the people who have raised them to prominence. It was in the hope of improving this slender acquaintance that the sketches which follow were prepared by one who has passed the larger part of his mature life at the National Capital, brushing elbows almost daily with one or another of his subjects.

These papers have been appearing serially in *The Nation* for the last three years. The order in which they are collected here is one of class and not of date, though every paper carries its date for the purpose of giving the facts noted in it their proper historical setting.

WASHINGTON,
January 1, 1918.

CONTENTS

Addams: Jane, 232
Baker: Newton D., 49
Bell: Alexander Graham, 267
Bell: Gen. J. Franklin, 172
Bryan: William J., 32
Burns: William J., 262
Cannon: Joseph G., 150
Clark: Champ, 132
Cockran: W. Bourke, 296
Cummins: Albert B., 104
Daniels: Josephus, 57
Day: William R., 75
Gallinger: Jacob H., 98
Garfield: Harry A., 196
Goldman: Emma, 256
Gompers: Samuel, 285
Goodrich: Admiral Caspar F., 184
Hammond: John Hays, 273
House: Edward M., 227
James: Ollie M., 110
Kahn: Julius, 162
Kitchin: Claude, 138

PRESIDENT WILSON

THE psychology of popular criticism is well illustrated by the comments we continually hear on the President's change of front towards certain subjects of national moment. The general theory seems to be that the change is very recent and rather sudden. For a fact, it is probably neither, but the product of an educational growth so gradual as to have escaped the notice of the great mass of the people well removed from the centre of public affairs, though plain enough to observers at shorter range; and the change is quite as much in his attitude towards Congress and towards his own share in the government of the Republic as towards the issues which have lately taken on an acute phase.

Nominated and elected as an historical scholar and an idealist, Mr. Wilson set out with the notion of bringing the Government back into the lines which the framers of the Constitution had laid down for its guidance. He had heard and accepted the charge, per-

petually harped on by his party, that under Republican rule there had been a steady succession of executive usurpations of power, threatening to convert a democracy into a despotism. He deemed it his mission, therefore, to draw and maintain a rigid barrier between the respective domains of the legislative and executive branches of the Government; and as it was the American people that both branches were to serve, it seemed to him but right that the masters should know all the servants were doing, and know it at once. Hence the policy of pitiless publicity was to be linked to the principle of scrupulous non-interference; and the administration started off with semi-weekly friendly conferences with the newspaper correspondents in Washington, at which the President was to submit himself to any and all proper interrogatories from the writers, and with personal and informal visits by the President to the Capitol, to talk over, in an easy fashion and a conciliatory spirit, the work that Congress and he had jointly in hand.

How long these relations continued unimpaired is now a matter of history. Instead of

rejoicing at such an opportunity of frequent and close communion with its fellow worker, Congress as a whole looked rather askance at his innovation, as if it suspected that some scheme of favour-seeking lay hidden beneath his pleasant overtures. Sundry members even went so far as to criticize his conduct as indecorous, alleging that it squinted at the possible use of personal influence in shaping legislation. As for the press, the experiment worked both ways toward failure: the President discovered that, in order to make his meetings with the correspondents interesting enough to command their attendance, he must be prepared to go deeper into certain matters than he had counted on going, since the correspondents were not mere street-corner button-holers, but, in so many instances, had studied current questions, and were equipped for their intelligent discussion; the newspaper men, on their part, grew weary of conversations which simply skimmed the surface of things, and in which only one party felt at liberty to indulge in satirical repartee.

The first serious conflict between the President and Congress was brought about by the

desire of both houses to adjourn after the present tariff act was passed, and the President's insistence on their remaining in session till his program of banking legislation had been disposed of. This clash opened Mr. Wilson's eyes to the fact that not the kindliest manner or most persuasive tongue on the part of one man will overcome the effect of the settled habit of five hundred men of dominating each the public affairs of his own little bailiwick; and that, however agreeable relations might continue while nothing vital was at stake, in time of stress the one man finds a stout stick in the hand worth a bushel of sugar plums in the offing.

It can hardly be doubted that some of the earlier stands taken by the President, which at the time subjected him to most criticism among the people, were encouraged if not inspired at his intimate counsels with the lawmakers. The shifts-about which he has since made have been on his own initiative, as witness the way Congress has received them. Henceforward, having learned his lesson of self-dependence, the chances are that he will decide for himself in what path he is to walk,

always listening with becoming courtesy to adverse advice, but bearing in mind that it is he, and not his advisers, who would have to endure the chief punishment if he yielded to their steering and went wrong. How much he has taken to heart the teachings of his short experience is shown by his latest move, in meeting bluff with bluff. As he would himself phrase it in one of his sportive excursions into slang, he has said in effect to Congress: "You talk too much! Now either put up or shut up!"

One thing every Congress has to be taught: namely, that if it nags and worries a patient President into a fighting mood he has always the possible resort of an appeal to the people, and the people invariably stand by the President against Congress, no matter whether he be wise or foolish in his position. Most of the talk about executive usurpation is bogey babble, when we get down to the bottom of it; what is decried as an attempt at usurpation, nine times in ten, is merely an effort to go ahead instead of standing still. Cleveland was denounced as a usurper when he called Congress together in a midsummer

extraordinary session for the plainly avowed purpose of passing an act to repeal the Sherman silver-purchase law, and when he used Federal troops to protect the United States mail from the Chicago rioters, and again when, to save the nation from a confession of bankruptcy, he sold bonds to replenish the Treasury gold reserve without obtaining the special permission of the Congress then sitting.

Mr. Wilson's tergiversations, therefore, may be traced back to his discovery that the course of a President, if he is going to leave the country at the end of his term further advanced than he found it at the beginning, must make his dealings with a shuffling, slack-twisted Congress more masterful than meek. He has carefully reserved the right, as a man of sober thought rather than of stubborn vanity, to change his mind as often as he is convinced that he is wrong; but on the point of subserviency it is safe to predict that he will never change back to his old position now that he has tasted some of the satisfactions of freedom.

WASHINGTON, *March 16, 1916.*

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL

OUR Vice-President, whose native State of Indiana is washed by the billows of the Ohio and Wabash rivers, comes thus naturally by a naval policy of his own. As nearly as it can be made out from fragmentary reports, he disbelieves in building any more giant warships, if a submarine costing only $700,000 can destroy a super-Dreadnought costing ten times as much. Though this declaration may not change the Government's course, it will attract attention because it came from him, for Mr. Marshall is the surprise—slangy critics call him the "singed cat"—of the present Administration. From a man with a rather low, wide forehead, a heart-shaped face, and a not impressive amount of avoirdupois, they had not expected much; but for a fact, few men who loomed upon public life as lately as he have been more frequently quoted.

Imagine the late John James Ingalls, of

Kansas, reduced in stature by about a foot and broadened just a trifle, his parchment skin supplanted by a more transparent complexion with live tints in it, and a genial air in the place of the somewhat cynical one that Ingalls carried about with him, and you have a fair idea of Thomas Riley Marshall. The Vice-President's deliberate, clean-cut manner of speech is not unlike that of Ingalls, but its tone is more racy. In expressing disapproval, Marshall is quaint where Ingalls was sardonic. Ingalls went to the classics for his metaphors, while Marshall goes to the street life of the provincial town. Ingalls did not look himself outside of his black Prince Albert coat, suggestive of an animated stovepipe; Marshall looks hardly comfortable outside of his easy-fitting sack.

One difference between the two men is especially conspicuous: Ingalls had the assumed dignity of the stage, used to cover a disposition by no means unbending; Marshall has a native pride over which he must always wear his light-mindedness as a cloak. Marshall may complain of the meaningless etiquette of office, and say that he longs to put

his feet upon his desk and smoke his cigar at his ease; he may crack a joke on his room at the Capitol as reminding him of a monkey's cage except that the visitors do not offer him peanuts; but were a political cataclysm to unseat him tomorrow, you would not find him hiring out to a sensational newspaper as a reporter of prize fights any more than he has been found willing to sign for a Chautauqua engagement unless the jugglers and yodlers were eliminated from the same share of the entertainment.

Marshall made himself famous as Governor of Indiana by his success in laying out a program of legislation for his party, and holding the State lawmakers up to it till he had got what he wanted. His victory over the factional leader, Tom Taggart, was a big gain for respectable politics thereabout, and by its damage to Taggart's prestige may have contributed more than has been generally suspected to the recent municipal housecleaning by the criminal authorities of Marion County. Since coming to Washington, he has won a reputation for personal independence which his friends declare places him in the states-

men's category, but his enemies decry as mere eccentricity. Though a loyal supporter of the President for a second term, if he has anything to say about public affairs he says it without waiting to inquire what Mr. Wilson thinks. He has taken the Senate's breath away two or three times, while presiding, by his presumption; once, when the Senators made too much noise with their chat in the back part of the hall, he administered a keen-edged rebuke to their bad manners which brought them to order without more ado; on another occasion he took Speaker Reed's short-cut from idleness to business by counting a quorum after a filibustering roll-call had failed to discover the presence of one.

He feels no mercy in his soul for monopoly, but disbelieves in further anti-trust legislation by Congress, being confident that the States have in their own hands all the remedies necessary, if they would forbid any corporation to do business in them which owns or holds the capital stock of any other corporation, or whose capital stock is owned or held by any other. He insists that there is "too much science" in the educational system

of today, and "too little God Almighty"; but while he was Governor of Indiana he encouraged Sunday ball-playing. In the midst of all the excitement over the sinking of the *Lusitania,* it was he who recalled the ancient legal tradition that an English ship is a bit of English soil afloat. And, finally, he declines to take part in jaunts for either business or pleasure unless Mrs. Marshall can go with him, as they have never been parted for an entire twenty-four hours during what he calls their "twenty years' honeymoon."

On the whole, we have a unique character in our Vice-Presidential chair.

WASHINGTON, *July 15, 1915.*

JOSEPH P. TUMULTY

HOW large a part the Secretary to the President of the United States plays in the shaping of his chief's career has been shown repeatedly during the last thirty years. Lamont was the unobtrusive but always efficient adviser of Cleveland, who never ventured upon an important step in the course of public duty without "consulting Dan." It is true that a few of the biggest and finest things he did were done in defiance of Lamont's advice, but these were outnumbered, twenty to one, by the mistakes which Lamont's shrewd counsels saved him from committing. Cortelyou did not fill so intimate an office for McKinley, who was the cleverest politician in the United States, with the possible exception of his good friend Hanna, when he came into the White House; but for the preservation of some of the most dramatic thoughts and most "ringing" phrases that history associates with the name of Mc-

Kinley, the world owes Cortelyou more than it will ever suspect until it can wring a confession from his closely guarded lips.

Roosevelt preferred his own intuitions to anybody's elaborated judgments, even those of so faithful and far-seeing a friend as Loeb; nor had he any need to employ a publicity manager; but Loeb made himself invaluable by fearlessly putting on a brake now and then, keeping an imprudently effervescent letter in cold storage overnight, or reminding the President of some factor which was in danger of being overlooked in the solution of an imminent problem. Taft was too impatient of admonition or restraint to have made an effective use of a thoroughly competent Secretary, if he had been blessed with one. Wilson, also, is headstrong, and would not submit to much jerking at the curb; but when he is inclined to bolt he can appreciate the usefulness of a hand on the reins which can be trusted at least to keep him out of the ditch. And that hand is Tumulty's.

Possibly Tumulty would not claim the credit of having "discovered" Wilson: there are so many aspiring Democrats who do that

he would be lost in the crowd. But he probably comes nearer to deserving it than most of the rest. The truth is, the two men discovered each other about simultaneously, when Wilson appeared as a candidate for the Governorship of New Jersey and Tumulty was a comparatively new member of the legislature at Trenton. Tumulty was a progressive in a nest of hard-and-fast Democratic politicians. Wilson was doing the watchful-waiting act in a field where his rivals were bending all their strength to the upbuilding of personal "machines" and factional "systems." Wilson took note of Tumulty's advanced ideals and his courageous and nimble-witted way of going at their accomplishment. Tumulty recognized in Wilson a man with definite notions of what a Governor could do towards pushing forward the interests of the State, and it took him a very short while to perceive that in Wilson's success lay his own best hope of putting through some measures of legislation he had long had in mind. So, when Wilson sent for Tumulty and took him into the closest of confidence regarding the conduct of the campaign, it was like a case of

love at first sight, and they lost no time in entering into a partnership which has lasted unstrained to this day.

It would not require an expert like the hero of Shaw's "Pygmalion" to discern the pedigree of Joseph Patrick Tumulty: it is stamped, not only on his name, but all over him. The "broth of a boy," blond in type, round-faced, emotional-eyed, chubby-framed, ready of retort, could have sprung originally from only one soil, no matter how many generations of transplanted stock may have intervened between the parent root and the latest scion. His quickness of utterance has no hint of sloppiness in it. He knows how to hold his tongue in as many different languages as Elihu Burritt could speak, and when he expresses himself it is with no uncertainty of meaning. His memory, not only of names and faces, but of petty personal details, is a standing wonder to the party time-servers who, having worked with every anti-Wilson clique till starved into surrender, try to bury the past under a heap of mortgages on the future. Tumulty has a fund of reminiscence on which to draw when these

late-comers grow importunate, and most of them are forced, like the ruler who lacked one thing, to go away sorrowful.

When we recall that in early life Lincoln split rails, Johnson was a tailor, Grant tanned hides, Garfield drove a team on the canal, and Cleveland wrapped parcels in a country store, a reflected interest attaches to the youthful ambition of Tumulty to be a carpenter. Indeed, it appears to have been this taste which brought him into close companionship with a rosy-cheeked little schoolmate who was the daughter of a practical builder, and who now shares his responsibility for a family of six frisky young Tumultys. After seeing his domestic background it is easier to understand the Secretary's adroitness in getting rid of the over-strenuous, the persistently inquisitive, and the broadly discursive visitors at the White House, without making himself a pitiful victim, or losing his patience, or giving needless offence. The President would scarcely know which way to turn if he were taken suddenly out of Tumulty's keeping and any one less resourceful were to attempt to order his days for him.

It is Tumulty who says who shall see him, on what business, and when; who keeps an eye on the clock, and manages to have a special errand in the private office as soon as the minute has arrived for cutting off an interview, and who generally regulates the material side of the miniature world in which he lives. Though he does not assume to manage the President's tremendous task, he makes it possible for the President himself to manage it without prematurely wearing out both mind and body.

WASHINGTON, *May 6, 1915.*

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

WHAT has become of the Bryan of the nineties? Where is the impetuous youth who closed a speech in Congress by offering himself, with arms outstretched, as a sacrifice for the salvation of the people from the Moloch of protective greed? Where is the Convention delegate from Nebraska who insisted on committing the United States to the free and unlimited coinage of silver "without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation"? Where is the tourist returning from his first trip abroad so full of the desire for Government ownership of railways that he could hardly wait for his ship to touch port before flooding the country with his views?

Is it another Bryan who fills the Premier's seat in the present Cabinet, or is it the same Bryan with a new set of ideals and aspirations? The Bryan we know now, certainly, is enjoying life too well, and has too much at

stake in the material world, to be offering himself for sacrifice—except from an entertainment stage to which the performers bring their wares for exhibition only. He has acquired enough respect for other nations to try to turn away their wrath with soft answers, or tide over a disagreeable diplomatic situation by assuring the press that it "raises some serious questions, on which he is not prepared to speak without further mature consideration." And he is the leading figure in the Administration of a President who is so imprudently frank as to plead for justice to the carrying corporations, lest persistence in an oppressive policy force the country into state socialism. If the Bryan of the twentieth century be the same Bryan from whom we heard periodically in the nineteenth, pray what is he doing in this galley?

It is the same Bryan, but sobered. On his countenance the passing years have left their impress in an accentuation of its most notable features. The nose is larger, but less aggressive; the brows are more like shaggy awnings for eyes which have lost much of their twinkle; the chin has grown heavy; the

lips are still thin and cut straight across the face, but the perpetual light-hearted smile has given place to one more mechanical, which deepens the vertical creases bounding the jaw. Bryan has passed through a good deal since his period of immature enthusiasms. He knows now what it is to carry on his own shoulders some of the responsibilities he used to be so eager to heap upon others. He has learned that it is one thing to formulate startling novelties in statecraft which others may adopt at their risk, and quite another to declare himself with equal freedom when there is imminent danger that somebody may take him up and demand an unqualified fulfilment of the challenge.

Where Bryan made his initial mistake in life was in choosing a political rather than a theatrical career. As a melodramatic star he might have made a brilliant success. A lithe and enduring body, a face capable of a wide variety of expression, a clear, flexible, unwearying voice, a natural gift for gesture, a buoyant temperament and a responsive manner, made an equipment worth a fortune to any actor of sharply individualized parts.

It is in team-work that he shows his weakness. He would have failed as a stock actor for the same reason that he is a failure as a member of the Cabinet. It is of the essence of good executive faculty to be able to work effectively in partnership with others. With Bryan, real coöperation is impossible, except in the sense that the candle coöperates with the candlestick: the candle would give just as much light if mounted on a nail as in a setting of polished brass or adorned with crystal pendants.

It seems a wasteful scheme to seat such a man next the head of the council-table, and station at his elbow, or behind the arras, experts like Moore and Lansing to do the work laid out for him, while he confines himself to the ornamentals. To the politically unsophisticated, it looks as if the President were discrediting his former hope of "knocking Bryan into a cocked hat"; to the student of party history, however, it is plain that Woodrow Wilson has gone one step further than Jackson with Van Buren, or Lincoln with Chase. Bryan, the chronic agitator, has been put into the one position where his ex-

posure to the concentrated gaze of the people will insure their judgment of him strictly on his merits, with results which are not difficult to forecast.

WASHINGTON, *March 18, 1915.*

PRESIDENTS AND PREMIERS

WE have heard so much, during the international complications of the last few months, about what would have happened if Taft or Roosevelt had been elected President in 1912, that it may be of interest to look back at recent Administrations which have had threats of war dinned in their ears, and see how they reacted. We need revert no further than to Benjamin Harrison's term, when some of the seamen from the U. S. S. *Baltimore* were maltreated by a mob in the streets of Valparaiso, and the Government of Chili was called upon for reparation. Chili had, just then, enough troubles of her own to excuse, in her opinion, a little delay, even if no account were taken of the local *mañana* habit. Harrison, however, was a man of peppery temper; he was also painfully conscious that his Administration was far from popular at home. To embarrass the situation yet more, he had for his Secretary of State Mr. Blaine,

of whom the Chilians, justly or unjustly, had grown suspicious, and between whom and the President had sprung up a perceptible coolness, due originally to essential differences of temperament and increased by the activity of sundry political mischief-makers. Then came a dramatic climax.

The President, weary of fruitless negotiation with Chili, allowed a hint to escape from the White House that he should cut short her dilly-dallying by a given day. On the morning stated, nothing satisfactory having eventuated, the press was duly warned that an important special message would be read in Congress at noon. It was: a message which sounded so jingoistic a note as to startle the country. But that night the further news leaked out that Mr. Blaine had had at his Department, at the very hour the President's message was leaving the White House for the Capitol, an official dispatch from Chili announcing the willingness of her Government to meet ours on a friendly footing for an adjustment of differences. Of course, the whole matter soon reached a peaceful conclusion; but the rift between the Presi-

dent and his Premier widened thenceforth till it became an absolute breach. Blaine's sponsors always contended that the reason the news of Chili's pacific attitude was not disclosed in time to prevent the sending of the message to Congress was that the dispatch was in a cipher which took long to translate, and that Harrison, meanwhile, was in a hurry to head off anything which might rob him of his laurels as a theatrical champion of American rights. Harrison's defenders retorted that Blaine had deliberately held back the amicable dispatch, being eager to see Harrison exhibit himself in a ridiculous light before the country.

When Cleveland was faced with a possibility of war, in consequence of his message to Congress calling attention to British aggressions in Venezuela, he had for Secretary of State Richard Olney, a lawyer and student of world-politics who ranked in the Democratic party of that era about as Elihu Root ranks in the Republican party today. Olney was not only an eminently capable adviser, but truly loyal to his chief, whether agreeing with him in all particulars or not. That

cloud was dissipated by the good statesmanship then in control in England, and the rights of Venezuela were ascertained and conserved by a course of moderation reflecting the highest credit upon all parties to it.

The position of President McKinley, when he had a like problem to deal with, differed from that of either of his immediate predecessors. The Cuban rebellion had reached, as has the current strife in Mexico, the proportions of an international nuisance. It had, however, the marked difference that, instead of being largely a squabble among a few factionists ambitious of power and wealth, it was the effort of a subject people in America to free themselves from a European despotism. This idea stirred up a pugnacious element among our citizens, especially in the West, till they forced the President's hand. McKinley, who was a man of peace, found himself plunged into a war he had striven hard to avert, and with a Secretary of State at his elbow whom he had placed there, as President Harrison is known to have placed Blaine and as President Wilson is assumed to have placed Bryan, as a concession to tem-

porary political expediency. Poor John Sherman had been, in his day, a power to be reckoned with—a lawyer of note, a financier, a party leader of nearly the dimensions of a statesman; but the burden of years had brought on a dotage in which feebleness of body was combined with a shattered memory and a loss of the faculty of concentration. Fortunately, before the last stages of negotiation with Spain had passed, the old gentleman came to realize his inadequacy for the work which was falling to his lot, and retired to private life, never again to emerge.

Certain experiences Mr. Wilson has passed through during the twenty-eight months he has filled the executive chair can be guessed only from the phenomena which, in spite of his reticence and his desire to avert gossip, have reached the people's eyes and ears. With a Secretary of State whose one real forte was emotional oratory, who was neither a lawyer nor a diplomatist, and who had already, before the culmination of the *Lusitania* episode, made himself the chief target in Washington for tolerant raillery from all over the country, the President was evidently pre-

paring to make the best of a thoroughly uncomfortable situation, when relief came in an unexpected form. It remains now to be seen whether Bryan will follow the prudent aftercourse of Sherman or the suicidal aftercourse of Blaine.

WASHINGTON, *July 8, 1915.*

WILLIAM G. MC ADOO

WITH its long nose and protruding chin, its thin lips, and its deep-set eyes under refractory bushes of brows, the lean, beardless face of William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, has something haunting about it. One is vaguely conscious of having met it somewhere before, and in a foreign environment. As the association takes greater definiteness, its background is seen to be the period of the French Revolution. The suggestion becomes stronger as Mr. McAdoo's spare, close-knit figure stands forth at its full height of more than six feet. A little imagination will clothe him in a high-waisted and long-tailed coat and clinging breeches, wind a fourfold kerchief about his neck, and add enough length to his hair to translate him from the beginning of the twentieth century to the close of the eighteenth; and there we have the

emigré of 1789, as we find him in pictures or on the stage.

Whatever may be said of his features individually, they combine to produce a shrewd and calculating expression of countenance. Some old friends speak of the Secretary as genial, and on occasion he does bend to mirth. But his is not the sort of merriment that irradiates the whole face; it plays about the mouth without spreading to the eyes. The remark is common among those who come into hostile contact with him that he never flushes when angry. He is equipped with a denunciatory armament before which few men are willing to stand up; but when he has harsh terms to use to a man's face, they seem to come, like his smiles, from his lips, rather than from any well of emotion inside him.

Possibly these idiosyncrasies will explain or be explained by his remarkable career. A Southern boy, whose family's fortunes were ruined by the Civil War and who therefore had to build up his own for himself, he did so by binding New Jersey to New York with a tunnel under the Hudson River. The achievement of such a feat must have re-

quired something in his composition more solid than jollity of soul or suavity of manner. His mode of attacking this enterprise was thoroughly characteristic. Wasting no time in footless preliminaries, he went straight after the one thing needful. For many years practical engineers had recognized the importance of a tunnel, but shaken their heads, or fallen to wrangling, over every downright proposal to bore one. Young McAdoo was not an engineer. He was not dismayed by the difficulties to be overcome as he might have been if he had known more about the details of the task he was setting himself. What he did know was that there were a multitude of engineers and a myriad of labourers who would be glad of a chance to bore that tunnel if they were to be paid for it, and that the great problem, after all, was to procure the money to hire their services. As a lawyer he had cultivated the art of "putting things" forcibly. This he brought into play with much effect, by showing what advantages would accrue to all business as soon as the tunnel should once be an accomplished fact; and when he undertook to win over a reluctant

financier he did not let go of his victim till the latter was not only convinced, but eager to begin the flotation of the project.

To carry to success, while still young and unknown, what had frightened so many prominent men into quiescence, required a dominant personality and left slight scope for the development of the softer graces; and a realization of this is doubtless what inspires so general faith in the stories of the fierceness of the Secretary's onslaught upon the little group of Washington bankers who recently have roused his ire. It has also given, justly or unjustly, the colour of threats to utterances of his which he may endeavour to explain as mere prophecy.

The contrast between Mr. McAdoo's official habits and those of his later predecessors at the head of the Treasury is vivid indeed. Mr. McAdoo has, under normal conditions, the air of a born executive. If you have a legitimate errand you encounter no particular difficulty in making your way into his presence, but, once there, you are expected to dispatch your business and make room for some one else: a rule which enables him to

hold communication with a hundred persons in the time that Secretary MacVeagh, by an unmethodical manner of dealing with visitors, would dissipate on a half-dozen. Mr. MacVeagh was one of the hardest of men to reach. In the conversation which followed, his manner was direct enough—not always pleasantly so—but he talked too much. Mr. Cortelyou's fault was at the other extreme; he was reticent, and somewhat timid as to initiative, probably an inheritance from the long clerical service which preceded his promotion to commanding rank. Mr. Shaw was a curious mixture of brashness and caution, with a love of mystery when he had plans of his own devising to work out, and a taste for keeping his critics "guessing." Mr. Gage was a pleasant and fairly responsive listener, courteous to a degree when visitors unwittingly tried his patience, quick to flash back his indignation when his hospitality was deliberately abused. He knew a long while in advance just what he was going to do next and just why he was going to do it, but he exercised his own discretion as to whom he should not take into his confidence about it.

Any person having frequent business with the Treasury Department has had to run pretty nearly the whole gamut of human nature in dealing with this succession of Secretaries, but the sharpest and hardest note in the scale is McAdoo's.

WASHINGTON, *April 29, 1915.*

NEWTON D. BAKER

A FEW years ago I was requested to join in promoting a movement for the restoration of the three-cent piece to our national coinage. As it seemed to me that the system was already sufficiently diversified to meet all actual needs, and bearing in mind the dismal fate of the two-cent piece, I declined. The prime engineer of the enterprise was a young man named Newton Diehl Baker, who was described to me as the "Three-Cent Mayor" of Cleveland, Ohio. He had taken up—and, more to the point, had carried through—the campaign of his immediate predecessor in office, Tom L. Johnson, for three-cent fares on the local street railways, and was then, I believe, pushing his further plan of placing the city lighting system upon a three-cent-per-kilowatt-hour basis. He had even invaded the popular amusement field, to provide municipal dance-houses in which the young people of the city could, under reputable

auspices, glide through the giddy mazes a whole evening for three cents a head.

The next thing I heard of him was when, at Baltimore in 1912, he persuaded the Democratic National Convention to trample upon the traditional sanctity of the unit rule, and recognize the right of the Wilson men in the Ohio delegation to ignore their instructions and vote their preference, thus throwing to Wilson twenty-one out of Ohio's forty-eight votes, which but for him would have been cast solidly for Harmon. Soon after Wilson's victory at the polls the following autumn, it became common knowledge in Washington that Baker had received an offer of a Cabinet portfolio, but declined it, not because his sympathetic interest in the coming administration had waned, but because he felt that his first duty was to his home city, which he was straining every nerve to modernize according to a program he had thought out. With his final retirement from its service as Mayor, however, President Wilson pounced upon him again, and this time succeeded in drawing him into the executive household as Secretary of War.

This seemed, at a first glance, like the wildest of incongruities, for Baker was known everywhere as a pacifist, and what was to be expected of a devotee of peace in an office which dealt wholly with military concerns and exploited war even in its title? He soon showed, by publicly distinguishing between a war of aggression and a war of defence. For the latter, he was in favour of a force of a million troops—half of these to be composed of the regular army and its militia reserve, the other half of citizens who had received a specified training in arms. He believed in preparedness, he said, because in these days no nation could depend, in a vital emergency, on a body of embattled farmers equipped with the rude firearms which were adequate a few decades ago; and to this end he insisted that we must mobilize all our resources, including our industries and commerce. For instance, he added, "I have no doubt that every manufacturing plant in this country could be so related to a central bureau of the Government that its special usefulness in time of need would be known in advance, its wheels ready to turn in response to the demand of a public

crisis, and its proprietors willing to forego any speculative profits while they made their contribution, in common with the rest of the people, toward the preservation of the nation."

If you wish to hear these views expanded and expounded from his own lips, you must prepare for a surprise to the eyes. This philosopher is no bearded ancient, but to all appearance, until you have studied his lines carefully, a recent high-school graduate. The only thing in the bodily outfit of Baker which is at all consistent with his maturity of thought and largeness of expression is his head, which is so big in proportion to his insignificant frame as to suggest topheaviness. The brow is prominent, especially at the temples. The eyes are hazel-brown in colour, and reflective rather than forceful. The mouth, which is large and absolutely horizontal, seems well adapted to hold the seasoned pipe he likes to carry in it. The hair is dark, straight, and of good quantity—about what usually goes with so sallow a complexion. In his favourite attitude of attention to a visitor, leaning back in his chair with

one leg drawn up under him and the other foot not reaching the floor, he may strike you as uncanny until he begins to speak. Then you can think of nothing but a firing squad condensed into one man: his words rattle out into space with such rapidity that, unless your hearing is good and your reasoning faculties are active, you are hardly able to keep up with them. If you do, you will be impressed with the comprehensiveness of his vocabulary. He is never at a loss for a word, and, when it comes, it conveys the precise shade of meaning he evidently wished it to. Almost his only gesture is a raised forefinger.

During the recent campaign, by the by, Baker suffered not a little from his alarming facility of utterance; for, according to his story, the blunder of a slow stenographer, by turning "sold" into "stole," made him appear, in a political speech, to portray the patriot army of the American Revolution as a mere horde of irresponsible vagabonds. This was a sad accident for him, as it brought down upon him the reprobation of a good many excellent people who will never take the trouble to look into the whole story. Most

other accidents which have beset Baker's career have had fortunate results. It was accident that sent him, a West Virginia country boy, to Johns Hopkins University just at the time when Woodrow Wilson was delivering there a course of lectures on political history and economics, the young student's favourite topic; and accident again threw him for a considerable period into the same boarding-house, and assigned him a seat at the same table, with the lecturer. It was the accident of his small stature and lack of robustness which separated him from the common juvenile sports and led him to seek an outlet for his energies through scholarship and the cultivation of his elocutionary powers. It was the accident of being needed in Washington as secretary to Postmaster-General Wilson which gave him his first intimate glimpse, and from the inside, of the great governmental machine. It was accident that led him to overhear, and plunge into, a wrangle between two strangers, and thus captivate the fancy of one of them, Martin Foran, a leading lawyer of Cleveland, who astonished him by taking him at once into partnership. And it was his

removal to Cleveland that brought him into the wake of that intellectual prize-fighter, Johnson, whose influence shaped his entire life thereafter.

Baker is so unlike anything we have been accustomed to regard as Cabinet material that it is hard to estimate justly his human quality or public value. None of the ordinary standards of measurement seem to fit him. A radical renovator of corporations, who nevertheless aims to remember that unoffending stockholders have rights and equities like other persons, is a curiosity; a publicist who condemns militarism, yet is ready to accept the expert judgment of professional fighters as to the extent of the armament with which the nation should provide itself, is equally uncommon; a citizen who accepts a great office at a critical juncture with the distinct stipulation that he shall be allowed to lay it down again after a year's service, is a political eccentric. For the present, we must be content to regard Baker as a puzzle, particularly as it is always open to doubt whether a man who thinks so rapidly and speaks so torrentially as he is as safe as one with more deliber-

ate mentality and tongue; but doubtless, in this era of incessant change, we shall not have to wait very long for the crucial test needed to assure us whereabout he belongs on the scale of statesmanship.

WASHINGTON, *December 7, 1916.*

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

IT must put some old-fashioned prophets to the blush that, within fifty years of the close of the great rebellion, a native of one of the Confederate States should be sitting in the White House, with a Cabinet made up one-half of men of like origin—an extraordinary proportion, when we note that two more members are of alien birth. Of the Southerners, the most typical is Josephus Daniels of North Carolina. There would be no more possibility of mistaking his source, geographically speaking, than of mistaking the President himself for a Wall Street stockbroker. But liking for the amiable qualities of the typical Southerner—his generosity, his unworldliness, his hospitality, his chivalry—can hardly blind us to the fact that his horizon is not broad. He seldom gets far enough away from the individual objects in the foreground to obtain a general perspective view of any public question. Bearing this in mind,

it is easier to be patient with certain idiosyncrasies of Daniels which have drawn upon him almost frenzied censure.

One such is the campaign for the democratizing of the navy. He comes upon what seems to him a case of injustice suffered by a naval seaman at the hands of an officer whose right to command is due to opportunities enjoyed at the outset of life rather than to superior natural capacity or character. His first reaction takes the form of removing as many as possible of the artificial barriers between the two men, and, to make his sentiment the more manifest, he expresses it in terms which the officer is likely to resent and the seaman to misinterpret, to the damage of good discipline in the service.

The purpose behind the Secretary's interference is sound enough; the fault lies not with it, but with the guise in which he presents it to the world. It is doubtful whether it carries at its core any appreciable taint of demagogism. The Secretary is so genuinely a good fellow that he fails to reflect that in the very nature of things, where one man is, for the public welfare, entrusted with

the power of life and death over many and hence is entitled to their unhesitating obedience, it is out of the question to sweep away the conventional distinctions between the upper and the lower ranks; their absence would imply an independence of judgment which, under certain exigent conditions, might prove fatal. The efficiency of the subordinate depends upon his making himself as nearly as practicable an intelligent automaton, responding instantaneously to every movement of the lever under the superior's master hand; and that is out of all accord with the notion of equality for the time being. The well-trained subordinate recognizes the true relation instinctively. Daniels recognizes it, but he is more cub-like than statesmanlike in his fashion of promulgating its philosophy.

With his round, expansive, smooth-shaven face, his eyes that attest their owner's gift for language, his boyish optimism of expression and manner, and his indifference to surface dignity, Daniels might be taken anywhere for a not too mature reporter. You look almost instinctively for the pencil and notebook in

his hand while he is talking to you. When you learn that he is not a victim, but an earnest pursuer, of publicity, you are not surprised; and his frequent iteration of the first personal pronoun, usually in connection with a humorous illustrative anecdote, is thus explained. You cannot be with Daniels long without being reminded of Tom Corwin's vain regrets over having spoiled a promising career by letting people know how funny he could be.

The same critics who are so fiercely hounding Daniels on the score of his desire to democratize the navy are wont to contrast him invidiously with his colleague, the Secretary of War; yet Mr. Garrison's desire to encourage human relations between the officers and enlisted men under him is as sincere as that of Mr. Daniels. The main difference lies in his carrying his propaganda a stage further back. His address to the West Point cadets at the first graduating exercises he attended was saturated with this thought, that for every obligation of the men to their officers there was a compensating obligation of the officers to the men. He urgently reminded the youths before him that the soldiers they were

soon to command were moulded of the same clay with themselves, and deserved corresponding consideration. Nobody took him to task for an incendiary utterance, probably because the cadets were boys whose characters and concepts were still in the formative process; his remarks to them were part of their theoretical rather than their practical education, and there were no enlisted men yet under them to be influenced to insubordination. He was simply starting them right, instead of waiting till their habits of mind and conduct had become fixed.

It has been a standing wonder with those of us old-timers who remember Daniels as a clerk in the Interior Department during President Cleveland's second term, how President Wilson came to pick him out for such a Department as the Navy, with ten Cabinet places to choose from, even admitting that he had reached Cabinet size. It now remains to see how long he will hold his place under the fire that is pouring into him. He is not assailed with vague hints of misconduct, like Alger; he has not become enfeebled with old age, like Sherman; he is not a rival of his

chief's for the next Presidential nomination, like Blaine. The worst his foes find to say of him is that he is—well, just Josephus Daniels.

WASHINGTON, *April 22, 1915,*

FRANKLIN K. LANE

MANY newspaper readers must have been struck by the practical unanimity with which the Washington correspondents threw out the suggestion, when Justice Lamar became incapacitated, that Franklin Knight Lane would succeed him, and inferred that the forecast had been officially inspired. This was a mistake. The real reason for such mention of Lane is that he has the mind and temperament which, in a Federal officer exercising judicial or semi-judicial functions, commands the unqualified admiration of the news-writers at the capital. Taft had it in his earlier days; so had George A. Jenks and Henry M. Hoyt. Any of these men was ready, when called upon to explain one of those legal questions which throw the wits of the ordinary layman into a hopeless tangle, to sit down quietly with the inquirer and straighten out the whole matter

in a few sentences free from technical verbiage.

It is his quality of patience which is never on parade, his rare art of expounding great problems so as to show that they are really only little problems magnified, and his sympathy with the writer who will take the pains to seek accurate knowledge of a subject before spreading it upon the printed page, that have made Lane pre-eminently the newspaper candidate for the Supreme bench. But there are others besides newspaper workers who long ago fixed upon Lane as a coming man for the court. Their idea of his fitness is founded on his possession of faculties quite removed from those of expression. One is his calmness under conditions which throw many men of a different type out of balance. As a Californian, for instance, he objected not less sincerely than Hiram Johnson to a railway despotism in his State, but he did not find it necessary to become a chronic ranter and roarer in making plain his discontent, or to condemn to eternal obloquy every one who did not take kindly to his special conception of a remedy. He did not vaunt his intention to

"kick the Southern Pacific out of California politics," but he did the most effective job of its sort ever accomplished when, by a series of interrogatories so skilfully thought out and so courteously couched that the witness could neither resist nor resent them, he drew the whole story of Harriman's monopolistic schemes from the lips of Harriman himself, and thus supplied the Government with the information it needed for checking these by regular process of law.

It is this way of going straight at any point he wishes to compass, instead of wasting time and thought on publicity antics, that has distinguished his policy with regard to the Indians. Its basic theory is not new. As long ago as 1895 Hoke Smith recognized the fact that most of the aboriginal tribes, if not all, contained members so far in advance of the great body in intelligence, adaptability, and disposition to improve, that it was highly unwise to keep them tied down to the common code of restrictions as regarded property and social freedom. He therefore proposed a series of censuses to sift out those Indians everywhere who were capable of caring for

their own interests, and, from among these again, the lesser number who were fit for full citizenship. He did not remain at the head of his Department long enough to carry out this campaign; but Secretary Lane, without making quite the same distinction between property rights and citizenship, has taken up the general idea and sent into the field a force of census-takers who are to separate the capable from the incapable Indians on the lines evolved in the administration of the Burke law. The Lane plan includes also a feature which might, owing to the cruder conditions then prevailing in the frontier country, have proved impracticable in Mr. Smith's time; he proposes that when an Indian is found clearly competent to take care of himself, he receive what is due him, and be set upon his own feet and cut loose from the Government, whether he wishes to be or not. Here is the practical conclusion immediately pursuant of the practical investigation: the vital facts once ascertained, their logical consequences to be immediately enforced. Moreover, beginning the line of inquiry at the right end, the Lane plan assumes that, but for sun-

dry abnormal circumstances which have now passed away, the Indian would have been as free today in every respect as any other American, and asks, not whether a given Indian can safely be discharged from wardship, but on what pretext the Government is still compelled, for either his welfare or its own, to bear longer the unnecessary burden of his guardianship.

A like directness characterizes Secretary Lane's leap from yesterday into today in his mode of dealing with new emergencies. His advocacy of a Government-owned railway in Alaska was widely regarded, when it was first made known, as a dangerous stride towards state socialism. But when he recalled the fact that our old way of connecting an undeveloped territory with the Union and the outside world was to run wagon-roads into it, and that the railway is only the modern successor of the wagon-road, many who came to criticize remained to reflect.

Physically, the Secretary is an impressive rather than a dominating figure. Solidly built, enough inclined to corpulency to suggest good-fellowship, with a large, round,

genial face, a high brow, and prematurely white hair, eyes that combine earnestness with humour, a habit of talking straight to you instead of at you but over your shoulder to some one else, a mouth and jaw that leave no doubt of the force latent behind the friendly manner: here you have your picture of the man whom, though a Democrat, President Roosevelt placed upon the Interstate Commerce Commission in spite of a Republican Senate's threatened refusal to confirm, and who has made good under three Administrations and with two sets of duties. Are the qualities which he has displayed in the executive field the sort which are needed on the bench just now?

WASHINGTON, *January 20, 1916.*

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court, by a divided vote, upholding the constitutionality of the Adamson law, does not, of course, settle the matter finally, as new conditions may arise after the war crisis is past, justifying a demand for a rehearing, as happened in the celebrated legal-tender case. For the present, what has interested most observers of public affairs quite as much as the technical merits of the question at issue is the line of cleavage in the court. That Holmes and Brandeis and Clarke should have been of the majority favourable to the law excites no more wonder than that Day and Van Devanter and Pitney should have been on the other side; but the man whose position aroused real curiosity was the Chief Justice, Edward Douglass White, who, from the beginning of his career as a national personage, has been recognized as a business conservative and a strict constructionist where-

ever the Constitution was concerned, and yet who has shown on two or three occasions a leaning towards liberality.

It was as a stickler for "business rights" that he was sent to Washington to represent Louisiana in the Senate. In that body he combated with all his might, and effectively, the proposed legislation for abolishing speculation in "options" and "futures," his opposition being based primarily on a broad objection to the Government's interfering with private traffic, and secondarily on the means used to this end—taxing a business out of existence, or marking it for destruction on the ground that it was an impediment to interstate commerce. Such methods he considered mere specious disguises of purpose, and hence abuses of the powers conferred by the Constitution upon Congress. Nevertheless, he did not criticize, but vigorously advocated, a protective tax on imported sugar, and apparently had no distaste for the payment of bounties to domestic producers, though to the eye of most of his fellow-Democrats the one seemed wholly foreign to the spirit of our institutions, and the other as serious a misdirec-

tion of the taxing power as its use to throttle an obnoxious trade. As Justice, he stood firm against the dissolution of the Northern Securities Corporation as "in conflict with the most elementary conception of the rights of property," yet voted in the "bake-shop case" to sustain the right of a legislature to say how many hours a baker may hire himself out to work. As Senator he backed up loyally the unwillingness of President Cleveland to take over Hawaii, and registered a stout protest against other schemes looking towards an expansion policy; but when the "insular cases" came before his court he voted with the majority, who held that this nation could possess itself of remote territory and govern people who were not citizens or eligible to citizenship.

Physically, White is of the bulky type: to describe him as large is insufficient. He is so built that he comes very near rolling as he walks; and he persists in wearing, on all except particular occasions, an informal little hat that fits the upper story of his head but gives the lower story an effect of jowliness. His mouth, drooping slightly at the corners,

belies his kindly temper and social geniality. His once crisp waves of auburn hair have turned to brown-grey ripples with the flight of time, while the reddish tints of his complexion stand out more vividly. Gowned and seated on the bench, he makes an impressive appearance; and his dignity of deportment and his fatherly manner of treating young and inexperienced pleaders have passed into a proverb. His training in the Senate, where he became noted for his untheatrical but incisive style in debate, proves of value in the court chamber, where painstaking lucidity of statement and distinctness of enunciation have not too commonly characterized the delivery of oral opinions.

He made his judicial way upward over a variegated path. The chances are that a man of so marked quality as a partisan would not have been thought of for the Supreme Court but for certain unusual circumstances. Grover Cleveland, who had received his nomination for the Presidency in 1892 in spite of the hostility of the Democratic faction in his own State headed by Senators Hill and Murphy, was antagonized by the twain at

every turn in his Administration. The death of Justice Blatchford left New York unrepresented in the court, and to keep the precedent of nearly a half-century intact the President named successively William B. Hornblower and Wheeler H. Peckham for the vacancy, but both nominations were rejected by the Senate at the instigation of Hill and Murphy. Mr. Cleveland thereupon took pains to make the people of New York see that the loss by their State of its accustomed honour was due not to his indifference, but to the obduracy of the two patronage-mongers whom they permitted to misrepresent them in the Senate, and forced the lesson home by going as far afield as practicable for his next choice, naming Senator White of Louisiana. This was especially galling to Hill and Murphy, because, though White belonged to a group of Senators most friendly to the President, they did not dare oppose confirmation in defiance of the unwritten rule of Senatorial courtesy which requires immediate approval when a member of the upper chamber is nominated for an executive or judicial office. Louisiana, however, had sent White to Wash-

ington quite as much to look out for her interests in tariff legislation as for any other purpose; and at the risk of provoking a deal of invidious criticism he continued his efforts to amend the pending Wilson Tariff bill in behalf of the domestic sugar industry even after he had accepted the invitation to the bench.

Other things being equal, it was probably the fact of his being a citizen of the far South that most strongly moved President Taft to make him Chief Justice. It had been the almost uniform practice to look outside of the membership of the court for its presiding officer. Justice Hughes, as one of Taft's own appointees to an Associate's seat, was widely expected to be his choice if he should seek a candidate for promotion within the court; but it had long been an aspiration of Taft's to provoke a breach in the Solid South, and Louisiana, thanks to the extremity of her geographical location, coupled with her willingness now and then to send a Republican Representative to Congress, seemed an appropriate place to begin.

WASHINGTON, *May 3, 1917.*

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE DAY

JUSTICE WILLIAM R. DAY of the Supreme Court came into national notice about the time that McKinley began his campaign for the Presidency. He was a neighbour of McKinley's at Canton, Ohio, and the two men were on the most intimate personal terms. That their friendship was not a matter of self-interest on Day's part was evident from the fact that he was the better lawyer, and that he had had opportunities for advancement in the line of his profession which he had declined, partly because of his distinclination towards public life and partly because his health was never robust. President Harrison, for instance, whose discernment and good conscience in the selection of material for the bench made any offer from him exceedingly flattering, had named Day for United States District Judge, and the Senate had confirmed the nomination, but Day even then re-

fused to serve, on the ground that the duties of the position might overtax his strength.

Besides his competency as a lawyer and his sound common-sense and mental balance as a man, Day's most striking characteristic has always been his directness. Nobody despises more than he the meaningless frills and furbelows of human intercourse. As tender-hearted as McKinley, and as earnest in his desire to avoid wounding the feelings of any one needlessly, he yet believes that frankness of approach, coupled with gentleness, is the greatest saver of friction in the long run. He is so serious in his outward demeanour that the prophet of his class at Michigan University pictured him as running an undertaker's establishment and driving the hearse himself; but underneath the surface he has always been given to fun. On one occasion he was involved with a number of other students in a prank which, though harmless enough of itself, violated some of the most sacred canons of academic etiquette, and the faculty resolved to find out who were the guilty parties. Instead of taking the boys one by one and asking them candidly, "Did you have a hand in

this?" they set up an inquisition in which, by various roundabout methods of questioning, they endeavoured to entangle the suspects, winding up their work with a long secret consultation among themselves. Some member of the student body—local tradition still attributes the idea, if not the performance, to Day—countered on these tactics by boring a hole through a partition of the locked council-chamber, and, with his ear to the opening, took elaborate notes of all that went on inside. The next day a burlesque report of the proceedings was published to the college, which showed up the whole business in so ridiculous a light, but with so substantial faithfulness to the facts, that the college went fairly wild with mirth and the faculty were glad to retreat without punishing anybody.

Another typical incident occurred when Day came to the final tests which were to determine whether he should bear away a bachelor's degree. He always had hated the higher mathematics and made no secret of the distaste. After the engineering examination was over, instead of waiting with the rest of his class for the formal announcement of

the results, he sought the professor who had the obnoxious subject in charge, and plumped the question at him: "Doctor, have I passed?" "Why are you in such haste to ask?" inquired the professor. "I want to know, and to know at once," responded Day, "because I want to get rid of the whole blamed thing!" He got his answer on the spot.

McKinley realized, from the outset of his Administration, that he was to have the Cuban problem to settle, with others which could hardly fail to come in its train. But he was politically bound to put John Sherman at the head of the State Department, and this made him all the more resolved to have a firm friend like Day in the second place, for Sherman's mind had begun to fail sadly. It was while Day was thus holding the fort that the Cuban Junta intercepted a letter written by the Spanish Minister, Dupuy De Lome, in which the President was treated with a discourtesy amounting to insult. The letter was turned over to Day. Immemorial precedent would have demanded that he open a formal diplomatic correspondence on the subject, a course which would have consumed

months, probably, before bringing out an admission of the authorship of the screed and a disavowal of offensive intent on the part of the Spanish Government.

That was not the style of Day, the direct. Sending to the Spanish Legation to inquire whether it would be agreeable for Señor De Lome to receive him, he went thither in person, and, on the Minister's appearance, handed forth the letter with the simple inquiry whether it was genuine. De Lome, taken quite aback by this unique mode of proceeding, read the letter slowly through and then bowed his affirmation.

"Of course, your Excellency—" suggested Day.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," answered De Lome; "I will cable Madrid tonight my request to be relieved."

And the die was cast. In a few hours the Minister's passports were in his hands and he was on his way out of Washington, never to return.

When Sherman retired, Day became Secretary in his place, and manifested the same disposition to "get things done" by calling

John Bassett Moore to be his assistant, regardless of the circumstance that Moore was a Democrat. It is hardly wonderful that Day's opinions on the bench are so commended for the way they go straight to the point.

WASHINGTON, *February 24, 1916.*

WILLIAM J. STONE

IN former emergencies like our controversy with Germany, one of the first questions in every one's mind was as to what manner of man the Senate had for chairman of its committee on foreign relations. At such a time this committee stands in more intimate association with the President than any other, even including the military and naval affairs and appropriations committees, its functions being of almost equal delicacy with those of the Department of State. Upon its chairman devolves largely the duty of planning its program of work; and as its spokesman on the floor his intelligence, tact, persuasiveness and skill in debate count for so much that for the moment he becomes to all intents the leader of the Senate. These facts and conditions lend just now an uncommon interest to the personality of William Joel Stone of Missouri.

The stranger who sees Stone for the first

time and knows nothing of his antecedents would find it hard to locate him on the map of human activities. Clothe him in solemn black, with a white tie and a wide-awake hat, and you find him the typical country parson of the Southwest. Crown him with nattier headgear and exchange the white tie for one less definitely ministerial, and you have a suggestion of the professor from some rural college. In a grey summer business suit and a Fedora, he turns into a prosperous village or small-town magnate, perhaps the local banker, who holds mortgages galore on the neighbouring farms and shaves notes artistically. The slight stoop in the shoulders, the thin, compressed lips, and the long, insinuating nose, seen in profile, give him the air of a man who is perpetually looking for something; but if you are curious to know what it is, your inquisitiveness is baffled by the eyes, which are grey, and as expressionless as those of an Egyptian sphinx. They reveal not a hint of what is going on in the brain behind them. In combination with their drooping lids, they give you rather the effect of drowsiness and indifference; and you are always

astonished when, in the midst of a forensic battle in which their owner has made no sign of special interest, you hear him, in a voice nasal in quality, but crisp and incisive as befits a cross-examiner, stick a sharp question into a member of the opposition or pass an enigmatic comment on something said.

Stone is a lawyer, and has the reputation of being a pretty clever one. Certainly, if ability to draw what he wishes from an adversary but avoid telling anything himself entitles its possessor to rank at the bar, Stone belongs among the notables. In Congress he employs this faculty with effect in handling witnesses before his committee, but he gains his fame for shrewdness at the expense of recognition as a leader. The spectacle of Stone heading a crusade or directing an aggressive campaign would hardly fit into the imagination of any one familiar with his methods. He will always be an interesting human riddle, but never the embodiment of a positive maxim.

In nearly all closely contested cases, where a count of noses precedes a division in the Senate, Stone's is one of those the prophets

find most difficulty in placing. He appears to be weighing the evidence like a judge down to the last moment, and such utterances as he vouchsafes are liable to more than one interpretation. This peculiarity does not appear to be due to a deliberate purpose to conceal the operations of his mind or mystify the public, but is as much a part of the man's composition as Jones's humour or Smith's cynicism: his business is his own—why encourage others to meddle with it? His non-advertising habit, conserved in the midst of a group of men who are often given to airing their opinions in advance and trying to force conclusions by assuming an attitude of domination, has won for him among his homely critics the title, "Gum-Shoe Bill." They assert that he accomplishes his ends by keeping so quiet that nobody guesses where he is or what he is doing until he bobs up suddenly in the least suspected quarter and makes off with the prize. That, they say, is the secret of his long prominence in the Democratic politics of his State in spite of Folk's insurgency.

What Stone will have to face now, however,

are not questions of domestic party tactics, but the foreign problems of a great nation. It is a fairly safe prediction that, like Bryan on the companion ship, he will lapse ere long from helmsman to first assistant; for no one who has watched him of late can have failed to note his recognition of the fact that it is the President who commands the fleet, and that it is to be handled practically as a unit. Another safe prediction is that Stone will not be required to put forth so much effort as some of his predecessors on the once important duty of acting as the defender of the Administration in the Senate: the popular confidence Mr. Wilson has succeeded in inspiring, and his uncommon gift for setting forth his own case in terms within the comprehension of the least subtle of minds, will leave few gaps in that line, if any, for the Delphic Stone to fill.

WASHINGTON, *June 3, 1915.*

HENRY CABOT LODGE

HENRY CABOT LODGE is one of the few survivors of the era when the Senate stood for something more than a mere group of ninety odd men prominent in politics. He is familiar with the great precedents and traditions which it accumulated in the course of a century when it aimed to fulfil the function assigned to it by the fathers of the Constitution, of reviewing with cool brain and in placid temper the often overheated legislation of the House. With Aldrich and Allison, Hale and Hoar, Sherman and Spooner, Cushman Davis and Orville Platt, for associates and counsellors, he could not fail of efficient support in almost any stand he might take for sanity of judgment. Today all this goodly company are gone, and he must fall back upon McCumber and Gallinger, Clapp and Smoot, Warren and Clark, Dillingham and Nelson, for the nearest approach to veterans

of his own class. He is as lonesome-looking, in his way, as a tall forest tree which the woodsmen have spared while most of its neighbours of equal age have gone to the lumber mill and those of younger growth have not yet risen far into the air.

In the old times, Lodge was the terror of moderate-minded citizens because of his radicalism. He was regarded as a jingo of the firebrand order; and when President McKinley died and Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency, the atmosphere of Washington was fairly a-tremble with appeals sent from various parts of the country to persons of supposed influence here, to prevent if possible the disaster of Lodge's appointment to the head of the State Department, on the theory that he would have us in the midst of a war before he was fairly warm in his seat. To those who know how impossible it would have been to drag him out of the Senate and put him into an administrative office, where he would play second to some other man, this idea has always seemed comic, but beyond a doubt it was honestly entertained. Now, however, so marked is the change that has

come over the whole popular outlook and attitude, Lodge seems almost like a reactionary among a mass of radicals. His support of the President, regardless of their political differences, on the canal tolls issue, on the legal points involved in the Austrian controversy, in the sharper crisis of the *Lusitania* incident, and in the most recent phase of the U-boat matter, is significant of his desire to take rank with the statesmen rather than with the mere leaders of his party.

He looks his loneness. Though long past the age when men tend to grow stout, his figure is that of a youth. His step has spring to it, his voice is unbroken. In most men we find under such a surface a strain of sociability, a craving for fellowship, which may be attributed in the young to inexperience and uncertainty of self, and in the old to a desire to cling as long as possible to past associations. But Lodge belongs in this particular in neither category. He has not the gregarious friendliness and the optimism of the beginner in life, or the mellowness of well-preserved age. His likings are for specific individuals, not for his neighbours at large. His friends are few,

and he is slow to make new ones. He stands perfectly poised on his two feet, shows a fine scorn for criticism, and accepts a word of praise as no concession, but his simple due. It is because of these traits that the admiration he commands is quite unmixed with the devotion which infuses the sentiment of the multitude for so many successful public men. In spite of the time-honoured custom of Massachusetts, of keeping her Senators in their places as long as they are notable figures in the view of the country, the wonder is widespread here whether Lodge will fare as well under the system of popular election as he did while the Legislature had control of the matter.

A man of the Lodge type is bound to have a legion of enemies, and Lodge has rather more than his share of implacables among the very men from whom, on general grounds, he would expect support—those of his own social caste. They hold him a demagogue, while the class to whom demagogues most appeal sneer at him as an aristocrat. It was customary only a few years ago to hear him denounced, in the midst of his own former circle, as a

spoilsman. That he had had his share of the still unprotected Federal patronage he would be the last person to deny; but on the other hand he did more than any one man except his old friend Roosevelt to defend the merit system in the clerical service of the United States against the assaults of a vicious horde of foes in Congress during the most critical period of its history, from 1889 to 1895. It required a thorough knowledge of the inner machinery of legislation, a quick wit and tireless energy, to handle some of the situations with which the reformers were faced at that time; and when the very idealists for whose cause he was striking valiant blows would respond by throwing fresh difficulties into his way, he was reminded often of Roosevelt's remark concerning his own career—that the men who gave him most trouble when he was trying to do something for the whole people were the "good citizens" whom, as a youth, he used to see seated about his father's dinner-table.

The shape and size of Lodge's face, the wave or incipient curl of his hair, and the rounded trim of his moustache and beard, give

him an aspect of boyishness at a little distance, which disappears as the observer approaches him; for then the lines which mark his features, and which have deepened with advancing years, become somewhat emphasized, and suggest a cynical bent of mind. Even in the thick of a brisk debate this suggestion is not dissipated. There is nothing infectious in his enthusiasms, so prudently are they curbed, or in his laugh, which always stays where it starts instead of extending through his whole frame as if he enjoyed it. But he has one virtue, at least, which many a jollier man might emulate with advantage: though he may cross swords daily with his antagonists in debate in the Senate, they have never any ground to complain of his discourtesy, and for the dignity of the chamber no member who ever sat there has shown a more scrupulous respect.

WASHINGTON, *March 23, 1916.*

BOIES PENROSE

WHOEVER is surprised at the recent appearance of Boies Penrose as a tariff-reformer must be unfamiliar with the story of his rise and progress in American politics. Penrose was at Harvard with Roosevelt, and shared the latter's notion that the proper place for a young patriot of aristocratic antecedents was in party leadership. Roosevelt prepared for his career by a couple of years at a law school; Penrose by reading Blackstone and the other standard commentators under the personal tutelage of Wayne MacVeagh, equally notable as a jurist and a reformer. Mr. MacVeagh's admirers welcomed his new disciple into their circle with enthusiasm. Had he not sought the very fountain-head for his instruction and inspiration? And had he not come by his aspirations for civic betterment through a distinguished ancestry? Was not one of his forefathers the close friend of Wil-

liam Penn, was not another associated with Jefferson in the acquisition of the Louisiana territory, and had not a third made a two-term record as Solicitor of the United States Treasury? Yes, and there was his father, a professor of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania and a citizen of public spirit. Where was a better line to spring from?

To the legislature Penrose soon found his way, and there fell under the eye of Matthew S. Quay, who promptly slated him for a lieutenancy in the Republican "organization," and selected him as a candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia. But Quay's touch had ruined him for the reforming element of the Quaker City, who forgot all about his ancestry and everything else that was good, and bent themselves to the advertisement of whatever they could learn to his disfavour. They badly frightened Quay's man Martin, who had the handling of municipal patronage, and at the eleventh hour Penrose was dropped and another candidate named for Mayor. Quay swore vengeance after the manner of President Jackson when the Senate snubbed Van Buren's diplomatic ambition. "If they won't

have him for Mayor," said the Big Boss, "let's see how they'll like him for something better!" And with one swing of his powerful arm he landed Penrose in the United States Senate. There Penrose has stayed ever since, entering this year upon his fourth term.

His service as a Senator has been more conspicuous for its length than for its brilliancy. Once in a while some fellow Senator has had the temerity to say as much, though in severer terms. When one of them has thus ventured, the galleries have sat breathless, in expectation of seeing Penrose leap to his feet and strike back; but that is not his method. He remains silent in his seat, betraying no emotion, even by a change of countenance, while the speaker, goaded to a frenzy by this contemptuous attitude, goes on heaping accusation upon accusation till he has exhausted his stock. After the last word is said, Penrose rises, and, in the jargon of the Capitol, "proceeds to skin" his critic—not with the double-edged wit of a Root or with the prehistoric cleaver of a Tillman, but in a fashion all his own, quite as personal and strictly to the point. Not the least factor in the effectiveness of his

retort is a peculiarity of pronunciation which some observers style a dialect. It is really more of an abnormal interplay of tongue, teeth, and lips—probably a trick acquired in childhood and left uncorrected—but by its very oddity it commands a fixedness of attention which the same listeners would not vouchsafe to the same things said by another speaker.

Penrose is a big fellow, reminding you of John L. Sullivan long enough out of training to have achieved a girth. His dark hair and moustache are too slighty tinged with grey to suggest his fifty-five years. With his heavy mouth, square jaw, the needlessly sinister expression of his face in repose, and the massive frame beneath, he impresses you as a merciless adversary to reckon with, whether in running a convention or directing a division of spoils. He made his last campaign for reelection against Gifford Pinchot, whom Col. Roosevelt had backed to win; but nobody in Washington who understood the ingrowing politics of Pennsylvania entertained a moment's doubt of the result as between the two reformers.

For Penrose is a reformer, too. If you don't believe it, ask him. He doesn't shout over-loudly for remote benefits like the conservation of natural resources or the improvement of the foreign service; but when it comes to practical, every-day issues, look at his record! He not only condemns third terms for the Presidency, but he wouldn't have even two, and the one he concedes he would be willing to see reduced to a single year. As to extravagant expenditures, was not he the man who filibustered an appropriation bill out of existence because the Cabinet officer who would have the money to spend said it would be wasteful? Pensions? Why, a bill he fathered proposed pensioning not only all the soldiers of the Union army in the Civil War, but also all non-enlisted persons who were under military orders for thirty days during that crisis, with their widows, children, and dependent parents! He was an outspoken champion of the transfer of Senatorial elections from the mercenary control of the State legislatures to the purer atmosphere of the popular poll; and within a year we have found him quoted as favouring State laws for a

graduated inheritance tax, the heavier taxation of trusts, the regulation of women's and children's employment, strong public utilities commissions, and the submission of the question of woman suffrage to the voters. To cap all, he has declared it preposterous to allow "two or three men, sitting in a secret closet," to shape the fate of a political party. What more could any one ask? Has he not beaten Bill Flinn to a frazzle?

WASHINGTON, *August 19, 1915.*

JACOB H. GALLINGER

IF any one in Congress can be said to be "all things to all men," it ought to be one whose record reveals him as a German by ancestry, a Canadian by birth, a printer by trade, a physician by profession, a poet by courtesy, a militia general by grace of a Governor's commission, a Representative in Congress, a Senator of twenty-five years' experience, and an octogenarian who does not drink or smoke or diet. Such a combination is Jacob H. Gallinger, senior Senator from New Hampshire. After reviewing his antecedents, it is not difficult to understand his apparently unrelated attitudes towards Mexico on the one hand and the belligerents of Europe on the other, or his reported uncertainty as to the stand taken by Bryan on recent questions.

Gallinger is today perhaps the most distinguished standpatter among the Republicans in Congress, except "Uncle Joe" Cannon. He has not Cannon's quickness of wit or his

social gifts, but he makes the most of what he has. Since Aldrich and Hale dropped out, he has endeavoured in a way to fill the gap they left, and would undoubtedly have been President pro tempore of the Senate had that chamber remained in Republican control. His career illustrates how much accident has to do with human affairs. If he had not been one of twelve children started in life on a Canadian farm which wearied him with its loneliness, he might never have aspired to push out into the world and thus been apprenticed to the printer of a country newspaper. If an uncle who was a physician had not stirred his youthful admiration, he might not have saved his wages, removed to Cincinnati, and worked his way through a medical college there by spending most of every night at a compositor's case. Had he not, during this period, become acquainted with a New Hampshire girl who was visiting in the West, it might never have occurred to him to seek a wife among the New England hills; and had she not injured her ankle just as they were getting ready to join the tide of emigration for the frontier "to grow up with the

831186

country," he might not have become a citizen of New Hampshire. But for being called upon to recite an original poem at some rustic festivity, he might never have discovered his bent for oratory and thus drifted into politics. On his voluntary retirement, after a term or two in the House, to resume practice as a physician in his New Hampshire home, there seemed still a chance for him to break through this fortuitous chain of fate; but when the local politicians, having grown used to hobnobbing with him, flooded his office so as to leave him scant time to look after his patients, he decided that further resistance would be fruitless, and surrendered.

The spider-like Chandler and the bearded Blair constituted then the Senatorial span from the Granite State. Blair was nearing the end of one term, and so sure of another that some of his friends were imprudent enough to sneer at Gallinger's ambition to succeed him. Here was the accident that decided the Doctor to plunge in and win at any cost. Blair and Chandler united forces to obstruct his progress, but in vain. They were fighting at the disadvantage of old blood

against new; moreover, Chandler had the powerful railway interests arrayed in opposition to him, and Blair had a record of some length and many eccentricities to defend. Gallinger proved too strong for such a combination, and in 1891 he won the chair which he has held ever since.

Naturally, having a professional prefix to his name, Gallinger has always been in demand to pass judgment on measures affecting medical and sanitary regulations; and in spite of his continued protests that he has retired from practice, every clerk, doorkeeper, or page at his end of the Capitol has felt free to appeal to him to cure a headache or relieve a sore toe. It has been a grievous nuisance, but has had its alleviation now and then in a bit of fun. One day a policeman suddenly fell unconscious in the Senate corridor, and the frightened bystanders sent in for Gallinger, who had him carried into a neighbouring committee-room, ordered restoratives, and took up the work of a temporary nurse till he could be removed to his home. On his recovery, the patient called on Gallinger and asked for his bill. Gallinger solemnly wrote

on a sheet of paper two ciphers, a decimal point, and two more ciphers. A brother Senator, looking over his shoulder, exclaimed to some others standing near:

"Now I understand what I never did before. If that's the way Gallinger practised medicine, I don't wonder he gave it up for politics!"

As an old-fashioned partisan, Gallinger has always been counted among the most critical opponents of civil service reform. He broke with President Harrison over a question of patronage, and thereafter refused all the President's invitations to the White House. He once delighted the spoilsmen in the galleries by a speech ridiculing the regulation requiring candidates for the Railway Mail Service to submit to a heart-test by hopping a certain distance on one leg—an indiscretion of which the reformers took advantage to ridicule his pretensions to a medical education; and he underwent investigation for his alleged responsibility for a circular soliciting political contributions from Federal office-holders in New Hampshire. Two years ago he added to his other accomplishments an essay in

prophecy. Forecasting the Presidential campaign of 1916, he declared that the central question over which the great parties would struggle would be the tariff, with "watchful waiting" for one of the interesting side-issues. Hughes he then considered the coming Republican candidate, while "Whitman, the graft-hunter," might overstep State boundaries and become a national figure and a "possibility" of some consequence.

WASHINGTON, *March 30, 1916.*

ALBERT B. CUMMINS

WHEN the political crisis of 1912 had reached its keenest intensity, and Albert Baird Cummins, of Iowa, had avowed his purpose of voting for Roosevelt but his unwillingness to become an active member of a third party, one of his former supporters remarked with some feeling: "I'd like that man better if his name were Cummings." In spite of his enigmatic mode of expression, every one who heard him knew exactly what he meant. The softness of the termination suggested a disappointing elision—a hint of not quite filling out the original intention of the word. There are a good many things about Cummins that provoke a similar thought. Tall, without conveying an impression of height; with a pleasant but not very forceful face; with colouring that is neither aggressively light nor positively dark, but of a dusty greyish tone; and with a manner that leaves one in a little

doubt what to expect at the next meeting: Cummins looks the compromise candidate rather than the controller of multitudes.

Yet he must have a good deal of native power, or he could not have got where he is. The son of a Pennsylvania carpenter, and starting in life himself at the bench with the notion of following in his father's footsteps, he was diverted by his youthful reading to the notion of moving westward and studying engineering, which held forth larger promises in a new country than the simple trade he had entered upon. So well did he push this work that he was offered, while still a very young man, the position of chief engineer on a railway of growing importance, but declined it because an opportunity had come his way to prepare himself for the Iowa bar under desirable auspices. His association with railway matters had whetted his taste for them, and he speedily switched from general practice into making a specialty of railway law. The carrying corporations retained him, but soon learned that they did not own him; and when they found him unwilling to go to Des Moines and spend his strength in the lobby of the Leg-

islature they grew cooler towards him. What he lost in one direction, however, he gained in another, and before long he was recognized as the lawyer whose special knowledge could most help clients in suits against the carriers.

Meanwhile he had taken a hand in politics as a Prohibitionist. The Prohibition party passed through various vicissitudes, and he became convinced that launching reforms through third parties had its drawbacks, because the chances were more than even that the moment the old parties discovered that a reform idea had actually taken hold of a goodly number of voters, one or the other of them would begin bidding for this support, usually with the result of absorbing most of it and leaving the adventurous third party with nothing but a skeleton of its former strength. So in due course Cummins took his place, with a lot of other Prohibitionists, in the regular Republican ranks, and set himself about effecting his reforms from the inside of the party dominant in Iowa.

Up to about the time of his advent, the party had accepted protection bodily, and without

reservations, as one of its chief tenets. But it did not take Cummins a great while to figure out that what the Iowa farmers wanted was protection for their own products, but as low a tariff as possible on what they needed to buy. Here was the basis for the "Iowa idea" which he devised and sprang upon his public. "Protection," as he put the matter himself in an explanation to a journalistic friend, "is not a principle, but a policy of trade. There is nothing sacred in any tariff schedule." With this idea as a basis, he has been free to criticize whatever protective measures of the Republican party he deemed injurious, or even of doubtful value, to the farmers of the northern Mississippi Valley; and the same spirit has animated his action on all manner of reformatory suggestions, political, social, moral, financial and economic, that have been brought forward by any group of public leaders. It is the snug middle ground he wishes to occupy, as the safest place from which to fight the violent and unreasonable radicals on the one side and the mossbacks and reactionaries on the other.

It cannot be said that he does his fighting

hesitantly, or hides from danger. He has courage enough, of a sort; but, while he asserts himself with much more positiveness than his predecessor in the Senate, Mr. Allison, we do not find him leading forlorn hopes in order to make a record for a cause, or leaping so far ahead of his followers that a majority of them cannot keep up with him. It has been argued in his behalf that he is the kind of public man who can always be relied upon to do the well-considered thing, and that which is fairest for the largest number; but it has been asked a good many times recently whether he would be equal to a sudden and sharp emergency, and no satisfactory answer has been forthcoming. There are moments, as the country has been reminded repeatedly, when the popular leader who can drop the scales of judgment and swing the axe with effect is the man for the place of authority, and the axe has never been a familiar weapon with Iowa's favourite son. As a Presidential candidate, moreover, Cummins is not a little handicapped by conditions which he has helped to create; the fact that Iowa is already so rock-ribbed a Republican State

tends to set the practical politicians looking elsewhere.

There is no likelihood that the country will lose sight of the Senator, whatever happens in the political world. Every tourist who makes a trip by rail this summer, every traveller on business who carries a piece of checkable luggage, will be reminded of him at intervals; for Cummins is the author of the statutory provision which makes it necessary to sign a valuation paper as a preliminary to moving one's property from a baggage-room to a baggage-car, and the station employés seem to have entered into a combination to keep his name before the patrons of their roads by way of relieving themselves individually of responsibility for the nuisance. I can imagine that there are some other elements of his fame in which he takes greater pride and pleasure.

WASHINGTON, *May 18, 1916.*

OLLIE M. JAMES

IF it is true, as reported, that the President put in a personal request that Ollie M. James of Kentucky should be chosen to preside over the Democratic National Convention, it is probably a sign that he believes in a mascot. James presided over the tedious Baltimore Convention of 1912, in which the supporters of Wilson sat out and tired out all their foes. He is about the last man who would be chosen on the strength of his appearance to handle a difficult situation in such a gathering. Big, bald, bland-faced, he is the perfect image of a good fellow with whom one might pass an enjoyable evening trading funny stories, but there is nothing about him that suggests the possibility of his mastering a rampant mob. Nevertheless, now and then an occasion arises, as it did in Baltimore, when an inexhaustible fund of good-nature, like that which James carries with him everywhere, becomes the most valuable asset the gentleman

with the gavel can command. The Baltimore delegates fell into more or less of a fracas soon after the Convention opened. Dr. Bryan was there with a full equipment of disagreeable doses, which he was resolved to make those patients swallow regardless of their wry faces; and, unless some one had been close behind with an emollient, there might have been serious trouble.

What has given James his steady political advancement from a pageship in the Kentucky Legislature to a seat in the United States Senate, and what causes his selection for every chairmanship or other figurehead position that looms up anywhere in his neighbourhood, is his unlimited popularity. Even persons who affect to regard him as a good deal of a joke are fond of him, and support with gusto a proposal to pay him some titular mark of respect. I once asked one of his factional opponents why he had not retorted to a certain statement James had made in a speech. He answered: "It might hurt Ollie's feelings. Suppose he were to throw himself upon my shoulder and weep!" And as I pictured what might happen if the huge Kentuckian, over-

come by emotion, were to lean his three hundred pounds against the frame of an ordinary man, I realized why my friend was reluctant to invite such a hazard.

The lack of hair on James's dome-like pate is a constant source of delight to the humourists of his acquaintance. One day, while he was still in the House, he was commenting to a fellow Representative on the little straws which show the way the wind of fame is blowing, and cited in illustration the fact that a horse-trainer in Kentucky had named a favourite racer "Congressman James" in his honour.

"Pooh!" said his colleague. "That's nothing. You were well enough known in West Virginia years ago for the people to name a post office after you."

"Really?" cried James. "I never heard of it before. Which of my names did they give it—James, or Ollie?"

"Neither. They called it Bald Knob."

An oft-repeated story is of one very hot summer afternoon at home, when James, who had dropped into a suburban bookmaking establishment to inquire about a horse-race,

suddenly heard that the house was to be raided, and dived out of the back door, leaving his hat and coat, which he had laid aside as he entered. The nearest place that offered a refuge chanced to be a luxuriant cornfield, with stalks more than six feet high, topped with umbrageous tassels, and into this he plunged. Though the scare was soon over, he did not like to venture out in his dishabille and present himself as a target for embarrassing comment, so he wandered about there till the sun went down. Residents of the neighbourhood who had happened to look out of their upper windows towards the field that afternoon had been astonished to see a globular object, very like a pink toy balloon, bobbing here and there between rows of tassels; but few of them guessed what the phenomenon meant till the next day, when James presided at a public meeting, and it was a subject of remark among the spectators that the usually fair surface of the chairman's head had turned a rich bronze, dotted with spots, where peeling had begun.

The Senator's early days as a lawyer were passed in rural Kentucky, where classical

erudition was scarce. Once he undertook the defence of a prisoner against whom the evidence was so unimpeachable as to necessitate a resort to something else than argument; so James filled his closing speech with quotations from Cicero and Tacitus, Homer and Xenophon, in the original text as well as he could call it to mind. The jury handed up a verdict of "guilty" without quitting their seats. James promptly moved that the Court should set the verdict aside. The Judge, a typical country squire, with equal promptness refused. James then pleaded with him, admitting that he had erred in quoting so much from the classics, but saying that he had been swept away for the moment by a flood of sentiment. "I should have realized," he added, "that all my classical oratory would be mere turkey-tracks to your Honour and the jury. If, however, you will grant my client a new trial, I will endeavour to bring myself down to your intellectual level."

"Your motion," thundered the magistrate, "is overruled, and you're fined five dollars for contempt!"

"Why?" inquired James.

"Because you have accused this Court of not knowing Latin and Greek from turkey-tracks."

"Oh, very well," responded Ollie, in his sweetest tone. "I have no objection—now that I know your Honour understands me."

No, dear reader, his name is not Oliver; it's really Ollie, and nothing more.

WASHINGTON, *June 22, 1916.*

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN

OF all the quaint characters who have ever sat in a legislative chamber, Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman of South Carolina would probably take a high prize in a comparative contest. A first glance at his face, rarely moved by a smile, and then subject only to a sort of cynical relaxation, may leave you, as a stranger, in considerable doubt how to approach him, if it makes any difference to you with what reception your advances are to meet. When you came to know him better, you will realize that what struck you as a sinister expression is really nothing worse than a fixed muscular peculiarity, and does not necessarily mean ill will. Doubtless it is chargeable in no small measure to the difficulty he has had in adjusting his sight; one eye he lost as a young man, and the other, having performed a double duty for many years, has occasionally given him so serious trouble that he has been almost entirely

blind. His voice, which is extremely nasal and prone to querulous inflections, heightens the first effect of his face.

He is a rude bit of human nature—an elemental man, as it were; but a score of years in the Senate have tamed him so much that he would hardly be recognized as the same Goth who descended upon that body in 1895, with a reputation as a vicious fighter for various social and economic crankisms which he had espoused and the possessor of a wholly unbridled tongue. Everybody knew him then as "Pitchfork Ben," because, while exploiting himself on the stump as a champion of "farmers' rights," he assured his constituents that his great desire was to "punch the fat sides of Grover Cleveland with a political pitchfork." The general style of his oratory in those days was in keeping with such an ambition. Of one adversary he declared, "He's a big piece of mutton, and I want to chaw him some"; of another, "I wish the whole ticket were lawyers, for I can lick a cow-pen full of them"; and of a third, "If he doesn't have a grassy row to hoe between here and Greenville, then I'm a nigger!" These are

specimen excerpts, purged of the petty profanities which pervaded his speeches, and for which he once apologized thus to a young woman missionary who had reproved him: "Those bad words are my safety-valve. All men must have one vice as an outlet for the Old Adam in them. The gambler, the drunkard, the tobacco-user injure their health, wear out their brains, and often squander on their vices the money needed by their families. My damning doesn't wear me out physically or mentally, and morally it does me good by helping to work off a bad temper. I assure you, my dear young lady, I made a careful comparison of the whole list of vices before I chose one for myself."

Though he is still a trifle pungent at times in his oratory, he has learned to express his thoughts without all the old vulgar embellishments. The late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts probably deserved more credit than any one else for bringing this change about. Tillman, in spite of his boasted contempt for aristocracy, was always quick to discover the stamp of the genuine thing which nature rather than society had placed on some men,

and Hoar typified to him the real "quality." Hoar, on his part, regarded Tillman very much as an entomologist might regard an interesting new species of buzzing and biting insect, and Tillman's undisguised homage led him to undertake a little reformatory work by suggesting lines of reading which would improve the style of the uncouth Carolinian. Tillman followed his counsel, and asked for more. One day he and Hoar got into a colloquy during a Senate debate, and, to every one's astonishment, Tillman bandied back and forth with his learned adversary all kinds of quotations from erudite authorities, till one of the other Senators interrupted with a humorous remonstrance against Tillman's robbing Hoar of his laurels as a scholar.

"I can't help it," retorted Tillman; "I got all my points out of the books he told me to read."

Tillman is now in the midst of his fourth term as a Senator. It seems unlikely that he will enter upon a fifth, though he may wish to. He is nearly seventy years old, he is thought to be not so strong in his State as he was a while ago, his bodily powers show markedly

the effect of age, and there are reported to be some younger South Carolinians who think his toga would be about their size. The combination may prove too much for any yearnings he still cherishes.

WASHINGTON, *June 29, 1916.*

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

TOM REED'S drawling description of the Senate as "the place where good politicians go when they die," has recurred to the minds of many Washingtonians in connection with the fortunes of Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama. In the House Underwood was a big man. He had scope there for his talents as an economist, an orator, and a composer of controversies. He had his recognized place in the scheme of things, and an admiring group of followers. During the last part of his service, he was the chief spokesman for his party and for the Administration. As a Representative, moreover, no settled tradition blocked his path to the White House, whither his ambition had turned its eyes. Translated to the other end of the Capitol, he found all these conditions changed. He became a single unit in an organism composed of ninety-six. He was a "new man," and therefore at a discount for the

present. Half the rules of discipline to which he was subject were unwritten, but not the less restrictive of individual freedom, and until his dark hair had changed to white he could hardly hope to have any hand in modifying them. Here was a body in which leadership was not to be won by a contest of logic, or wit, or resourcefulness on the floor, but by seniority of service or by some accident's emptying the places above him. The existing Administration had its spokesman already installed. And to cap the heap of discouraging elements, history reminded him that for more than a half-century only one man had been elected to the Presidency after sitting in the Senate, and he only by a chapter of coincidences.

In view of all this, Underwood's recent exhibition of independence in refusing to bow to caucus dictation is hardly to be wondered at, especially when the hand that cracked the whip over his head was Stone of Missouri, whom he could not regard as in any respect his equal. How far he will continue his contumacy is still doubtful, for Stone, whose authority on a large public question would be negligible but for the fact that he is nominally

the President's mouthpiece, will probably be well supported by the contingent who hope to use his favour as a makeweight in their negotiations with the dispenser of good things at the other end of the Avenue. Should the President be re-elected in November, Underwood will find the road of independence harder than ever to travel, though under the latest amendment to the Constitution he can go back to his State at the end of his term and appeal directly to his people, trusting to their good will and their pride in his past accomplishments to return him for another six years. On the whole, the outlook is not especially cheerful for him, and may be tinged with a trifle of bitterness when he reflects that it was upon him that both President and party leaned when a new revenue law, embodying the principles set forth in the tariff plank of the Democratic platform adopted at Baltimore, had to be framed and steered through the house of its origin.

Some of his oldest and best friends assert that Underwood will yet make his way to the top in the Senate as he did in the House, and without any sacrifices of what he holds im-

portant. They insist that his usually quiet and untheatrical way of going about his business, whatever it may be, is far more effective in the long run than the boisterous or domineering methods of some of his adversaries. He is a great worker, but his machinery makes little noise; in past times he has frequently finished his job while his competitors were still getting started on theirs. So well was his efficiency recognized in the House that, when he was about to move out, both sides of the chamber united in a demonstration of respect and liking that would have touched the heart of a much more stolid man. Still, this is a radical era, and Underwood is a conservative. He has some very definite ideas on the chief issues of the day, and he sticks to them even when most of his associates are disposed to yield theirs to the pressure of the general current. His theory is that, if you are right, you can afford to be patient and wait for the opposition to wear itself out.

To look at him, you would not take him for a leader. He has height and size enough, and, in its way, presence enough, but when he is at rest these do not impress you at a

first view. His hair is so uncompromisingly well parted and brushed, and holds so uniformly to its place from day to day, that at first you suspect him of wearing a wig. His eyes, intelligent and pleasant of expression, lack the searching quality we commonly expect in those of a man who is hewing his way through obstructions. It is only when we see him in full action that we realize who and what he is. Calm, clear reasoning, devoid of any spectacular tricks, characterizes the part he takes in debate; and when he has finished speaking, though you may still disagree with his conclusions, you are bound to admit that he has made the best that can be made of his case.

By the way, does any one except himself know what Underwood's middle initial stands for?

WASHINGTON, *September 7, 1916.*

ELIHU ROOT

PERHAPS the characters of most men of light and leading in our busy era would, if analyzed minutely, present some startling incongruities. Elihu Root, who has just left the United States Senate to guide the course of the Constitutional Convention in New York, offers no exception to the rule. He seems to change traits as he changes fields of activity. As a lawyer he is bloodless, unemotional, incisive; as a statesman he is thoughtful, elastic, imaginative; as an administrator he is calm, firm, clear of perception, and definite of aim; humanly, he is temperamental, with impulses quickly responsive to either genial or pathetic appeals, deeply attached to his friends, chivalrous toward his foes. Those who know him on only one of his several sides know but a small part of the man.

Most persons coming into contact with Root for the first time receive an impression of

indolence, due about equally, doubtless, to his habitual deliberateness of speech and casual manner. There is no affectation about either of these; they are merely a result of his long training in ways which develop self-confidence. In troublous times, when a fussy man would pace the floor, or rock violently, or swing his arms in gesticulation, Root lolls back in his chair, with one hand in his pocket, and the only sign of his consciousness of anything afoot is a slight deepening of the vertical crease in his forehead just above the nose. If he has to administer a rebuke, it never takes the explosive form, but always that of an unusually cool, judicial statement of the cause of offence to the offender. Shams he sees through almost intuitively, and wastes no time on them, contenting himself with putting them into their proper place and ignoring the matter from that point forward.

At the other extreme, his sense of humour may be vigorously stirred without provoking an outright laugh. A smile, an infectious chuckle, a witty retort, or an amused interrogatory which carries the joke a stage further, may show his appreciation, but that is

probably all the evidence he will vouchsafe of how he has been affected. Let something recall to him, however, a touching experience of his youth, a great man whom he has known and revered, or a period of storm and stress in which he has played a part, and he surprises every one with the fund of real sentiment that lies hidden behind his seeming impassiveness. Even here may come to the surface one of those combinations of deep feeling and hard practicality which excite the wonder of undiscrminating observers. Take the negro problem for an example. Nobody in the United States cherishes to this day a more robust reminiscent horror of slavery than Root, for he passed his boyhood under the roof of one of the stations on the underground railway; yet he is counted among the small school of Republican leaders who regard our experiment with negro suffrage as a failure. Not many an active politician of that party, however genuine his convictions on the same side of the suffrage question, would risk a voluntary enunciation of them, lest his general attitude towards human freedom and racial justice might suffer misunderstanding.

No such compunction on this or any other subject disturbs Root: if the logic of a situation be sufficiently cogent to settle his mind on it, he can see no objection to avowing the fact.

This does not mean that he is especially communicative by disposition. On the contrary, he absorbs far more than he dispenses. His methods of evading an impertinent inquisition are varied and entertaining. About a dozen years ago the Supreme Court of the United States delivered oracular decisions in two cases involving the relations of our colonies to the rest of the Republic, and one of the Washington gossips tried to embarrass Root by plumping at him the question whether, under the court's ruling, "the Constitution follows the flag." "As far as I can make out from hearing the decisions read," answered Root, after a moment's reflection, "I infer that the Constitution does follow the flag—but doesn't catch up with it." Again, when asked whether certain statements that had been made about him in the press were true, his only reply was to open a book and read aloud, with great impressiveness, Par-

son Weems's story of little George Washington and the cherry tree. The inquirer was baffled; for the parable might mean either that the story about him was as fictitious as Weems's about Washington, or that he had done the worst the article had charged, and "couldn't tell a lie" to save himself from the consequences.

Is Root sincere in his refusal to consider a nomination for the Presidency? Unquestionably; and this not alone because of his age, but also because he is perfectly aware that qualifications for efficient public service, such as he has shown in an extraordinary degree, count for nothing as a passport to elective office if unaccompanied by that subtle something called "availability." Any President would rejoice to get a man of his capacity for the Cabinet, for a foreign embassy, perhaps for a seat on the highest bench; but, for all that, he would be put aside, by the multitude who cast votes, in favour of some smaller man whom they recognize as more of their own sort. It was the same lack of the "whooping-up" quality which in 1880 displaced Edmunds for Blaine, and in more re-

cent years would have kept Hanna out of the running indefinitely. Unless all signs fail, his task as a constitution-maker will put the finishing touch to Root's political career.

WASHINGTON, *April 8, 1915.*

CHAMP CLARK

IF there is one man in the United States who, at the bottom of his heart, believes that he knows what moved Bryan to resign the Secretaryship of State, it is probably Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives; and if he were to give tongue frankly to his faith, it would explain the incident as grounded in a hope of breaking down Wilson. It would be as easy to picture Carrie Nation signing a testimonial for a whiskey advertisement as to conceive Clark giving Bryan public credit for sincerity. This was not always so. Before their collision at the Baltimore Convention of 1912, Bryan had no warmer friend. But Clark is as good a hater as he is a politician, if this is not putting it too mildly. It is not so much what a man does that turns Clark against him, as the way he does it; and, though he cannot be accused of enthusiasm for Wilson, he bears no in-

dividual grudge against the President, and may be trusted to deal generously with the larger policies of the Administration, as in the case of the shipping bill, where he held his nose with one hand while beating the drum for recruits with the other. For Bryan, however, his hostility is unmeasured, and will last until the Judgment Day.

He used to like and admire Theodore Roosevelt in spite of their partisan differences, pronouncing him a strong man with mistaken opinions; but when he heard a younger member of the ex-President's family quoted at Baltimore as saying that "Father is praying for Clark," he resented the implication so that thenceforward the strong man became a "mountebank," to be relegated to the same limbo of contempt with the "pestiferous" Mann and the "lunatic" Hobson. The late Thomas B. Reed, on the other hand, still remains one of his heroes in the same spirit in which the memory of a saint who really deserves canonization commands the reverence of the openminded Protestant.

Clark can hardly be classed among the leaders of his party, though unquestionably

one of its most notable figureheads. He might almost be considered a survival from that old-fashioned school of Democrats typified in the public affairs of the East by Horatio Seymour and of the Middle West by Thomas A. Hendricks. There are Missourians who will go on voting for Clark long after he is dead, and the more you study him the easier it is to understand his popularity among his neighbours. His personality as a whole is distinctly pleasant, with not very much dignity and no elegance whatever. His smooth-shaven face is round and expansive, with certain elements of reserved strength, like the characteristic "portrait of a statesman" in the early seventies; bland of expression when the fires of anger are not kindled behind it, and equipped with features abounding in gentle curves. His hair is as indeterminate as Jefferson's after it had begun to turn with years. I suppose his eyes would be classified as grey, though they do not make such an impression upon the observer as would stamp any of their qualities upon the memory. His powerful but loosely articulated frame takes a half-indolent swing as he walks, so that

the utter stranger would feel no hesitancy in approaching him.

The same atmosphere pervades his speech, which has the quaint inflections and slurring enunciation that give point to the homeliest illustrative anecdote he uses on the hustings, and make him a favourite as an orator at general gatherings. His unusual mode of speaking to or of an adversary occasionally has transgressed the parliamentary canons, as when, years ago, he warned Mr. Boutelle of Maine, one of his peskiest interrupters in a House debate, to "keep his mouth shut." Anon, it goes down in history embalmed in an epigram like his response to some Republican's allusion to President McKinley as the "advance agent of prosperity": "That advance agent has got so far ahead of his show as to be useless further for advertising purposes."

It is amusing to note one coincidence in the careers of Clark and the Speaker he was elected to supplant which seems to put them equally in the insurgent category. "Uncle Joe" Cannon began life as a Quaker, and was solemnly read out of that communion because

he insisted on marrying a girl of another; Clark was brought up in the Campbellite congregation, and was expelled for dancing in disregard of an admonition from the elders. Cannon had a fight on his hands as a consequence of his dereliction, and carried it through; but Clark circumvented his irate elders by strategy, refusing to confess that he had done anything wicked, yet attending the next meeting and standing up when the minister called for those sinners who desired to join the church. He knew that they could not afford to turn the cold shoulder to an applicant for the means of grace; so back he went in spite of his sinful fling.

The name "Champ," which excites so many inquiries from the uninitiated, has proved a great political asset for Clark. Like most of the good things of life he enjoys, he gave it to himself. His parents christened him James Beauchamp Clark; but in the back country Beauchamp was too much of a mouthful, and Jim Clark, as his associates would surely call him, was not distinctive enough for a lad with ambitions. So he chopped off the first half of his four-syllabled name, and as Champ he

was admitted to the bar, married, and took office. Once in a while somebody who thinks to curry favour with him by a resort to the ornamentals resuscitates the "James Beau" in addressing him, and then the air turns blue. "One of the first things I learned as a law student," says the Speaker, "was that a man has as good a right to change his name as to have his hair cut!"

WASHINGTON, *June 24, 1915.*

CLAUDE KITCHIN

SOME critics of our national politics regard it as strange that the Democratic floor leader in the House of Representatives should cut loose from the Democratic President at a juncture like this. As a matter of fact, it is more wonderful when two men so absolutely unlike in antecedents, temperament, tastes, mental attitude and methods are found in the same factional galley. As Claude Kitchin of North Carolina voted in the Baltimore Convention of 1912 as one of Wilson's first-last-and-all-the-time contingent, it is natural to assume that he was attracted to his candidate by the subtle force which so often draws opposites together. The two men have only one quality in common—facility in self-expression; but even here they differ markedly, for Kitchin's form is the loose, careless, easy-going manner of the near South with which Champ Clark has done so much to familiarize us, while Wilson's is that of the scholar

emerging from his cloister to deal for a while with practical problems.

Listening to Kitchin, even when he is worked up to a fine glow in support of a cause, you are impressed with his unwillingness to be hurried. The voice, the oratorical impulse, the slipshod consonants and sprawling vowels of his enunciation, all fit well the appearance of the man, with his broad, large-featured face, his mobile mouth and his stocky neck, not to mention his black suit, planter's soft hat and string tie. And when you hear his sweeping indictment of all the leading American industries for robbing the people, and his demand that one policy shall be promoted and another abandoned because the people wish it so, you are tempted to thrill, at least, in response, until you inquire where he gathered so extensive a knowledge of how the people feel. It is with something like a shock that you discover that he hails from a fair-sized village in an old State where, a century and a quarter after its inclusion in the Union, it still takes from eight to fourteen counties to make up a Representative unit of 190,000 population, and from a district of

which the northern and southern boundaries are one hundred and ten miles apart. It is a suggestive reflection on our form of democracy to find a man with such an outlook upon the world's affairs heading a serious schism in the party temporarily in control of the Government.

Kitchin has been in Congress now for more than fourteen years. He is said to have gained his first prominence at home by a dashing campaign against a combination of negroes, white Republicans and third-party men of various names who had dominated the politics of his part of the State for a long while, the numerical preponderance of the negroes thereabout giving them a tremendous leverage in public matters. The revolt, thanks largely to his eloquence and fearlessness of consequences, was successful, though during the last part of it he had a hard time dodging a sheriff's officer who was after him with a writ, trying to arrest him for intimidation of voters. The gravamen of this charge, as local tradition has it, was his visit to a school-teacher who was suspected of having striven to stir up the ne-

groes to a more vigorous assertion of their political rights. Kitchin, it is said, descended unexpectedly upon the man, and in his best oratorical style delivered a warning that, if anything should go amiss in the neighbourhood as the result of this incendiary conduct, the whites would probably hold the agitator rather than the agitatees responsible; "and," he concluded, "if they get so hot that they forget themselves, they might take you out some night and hang you to a tree."

The admonition sank in effectively; the teacher, resolved to live no longer in a place where people could be so rude to one another, promptly removed to parts unknown, and the negroes proved less troublesome to their Democratic neighbours thenceforward. In recognition of what Kitchin had done to uphold Caucasian supremacy, the district lost no time in naming him for Congress. He was truly the popular choice. He made no stumping tour, and seemed almost indifferent to the victory won at the polls.

Coming from a fine peanut country which does not want tariff protection, but does want

its appliances for tilling the ground put on the free list, Kitchin steered straight for the committee on ways and means and obtained a place down in the tail of the roll, from which he has risen by degrees through the death, defeat or translation of the fellow partisans who outranked him, so that, with Underwood's promotion to the Senate, he became chairman of the committee and ex-officio majority leader of the House. Ever since a schoolmaster had so much to do indirectly with shaping his career, he has had a tender spot in his heart for the pedagogic profession; and between that fact and the yeoman work of Bryan, whom he admires and trusts to an extreme, he became identified with Mr. Wilson's phalanx at Baltimore. Their later relations were due to his seeing the President rather intimately during the latter's radical days. Their present difference as to policy will not be likely to throw any chill upon their personal friendship, at least so far as Kitchin's share is concerned; he took his stand for reasons which, whether right or wrong, liberal or bigoted, were his own and actually conscientious, and he will stand alone if need be, as he did when

he fought his first law case through against his father as counsel for the other side, and won it.

WASHINGTON, *March 2, 1916.*

JAMES R. MANN

IF you met James Robert Mann of Illinois in the street without suspecting his identity, you would probably take him for a plain business-man pretty well on in years, who had been working a little too hard and was feeling the effect of it. The grizzled grey of his hair, beard and moustache conveys a suggestion of shagginess, in spite of their being always scrupulously well cared for; his complexion lacks transparency; his eyes, though not conspicuously deep-set, lie far enough back to look not quite wholesome, and this suggestion is augmented by the brows and lashes that compass them. But there is nothing worn-out about Mann when you see him on the floor of the House and in action; there he shows a quickness of apprehension and a keenness of expression that would put many a younger man to his trumps to match.

As a minority leader Mann is capable, but full of faults. For one thing, he is unsympa-

thetic by nature and only spasmodically tactful. Here is where he embodies a notable contrast with Mr. Cannon, for instance, and Mr. Dingley, both of whom were remarkably human in their handling of the responsibilities of leadership. Cannon, with his eccentricities of phrase, could give even a plainly hostile act a semi-humorous twist; while Dingley, with his absolute lack of humour in himself and his inability to appreciate it in anybody else, would sometimes disarm the fiercest foe by his kindly seriousness. Mann more resembles Payne in his attitude toward the other side of the House, though he is as spirited as Payne was ponderous. That is what causes so much surprise at his occasional failure of discrimination in deciding what items shall, and what shall not, receive the party's support. It seems as if anything new to his knowledge shall for that cause be held under suspicion, or even condemned without an adequate hearing. Hence, as to most progressively novel measures, Mann's downright opposition can be counted on with considerable certainty till greater familiarity with the subject or the logic of an opponent's

argument has convinced him that he is headed in the wrong direction. Such a change in his own mind, however, does not necessarily draw any verbal admission from him.

Thanks to this trait, Mann, while ambitious to be, and to be recognized as, a severe economist, is as likely as not to obstruct such a piece of legislation as a project for consolidating the work of two Government departments in the same field; for his fear of a new idea which involves a little unaccustomed present expense, and may develop into an entering wedge for more new things, blinds him to the saving which must be effected eventually through keeping two groups of men from going over the same ground twice. He is so close a scrutinizer of bills and resolutions, and so "cranky" on any which squint in the direction of a personal interest, that he has succeeded to the title which used to be applied to the late William S. Holman of Indiana—the Great Objector. Other members were wont to resent Holman's interference with their projects, but not with the bitterness with which they come back at Mann. Holman, when thus made a target, had a

habit of sinking into himself like a telescope, dropping down on the base of his spine, and staring silently into vacancy while his critics held the floor; Mann, on the contrary, almost always hits back, as if the attack had stung him and he wished to make his assailants regret their temerity.

Wherever you hear Mann discussed as a lawmaker, you will hear strong emphasis laid upon his industrious habits. In one sense this is a deserved compliment, but what has won it for him is not so much his industry as his methodical ways. Other men may be just as industrious without getting so much credit for it, because their manner of work includes a great deal of waste effort. Mann eliminates waste as far as practicable by making everything subject to a system. He is very rarely, indeed, caught unprepared when any subject comes up in the House. Of course, he has the initial advantage over many of his associates on the floor of having had nearly twenty years' experience in federal legislation, so that he knows the Congressional machine in every wheel and rod and joint; but in addition to this, he has formed

a habit of classifying and pigeonholing, so to speak, whatever fact or figure comes his way. A bill that gets past the mere introductory stage is glanced over by his competent clerks, who lay it before him annotated in various lines; and by keeping abreast of what they have predigested—a task in which a strong and well-trained memory proves of immeasurable assistance—he is ready, the moment any one calls the bill up on the floor, to arm himself for its support or denunciation. Moreover, he utilizes the odd moments which most other men treat as of no account, for keeping up broadly with the progress of the world. The Library of Congress knows him as an incessant if not actually an omnivorous reader, and he reads with such rapidity that there is a constant flow of new books through his office. Here his memory comes into active play again, though it retains for him more generalities than details.

It is not often that Mann gives his stalwart partisanship a long enough rest to speak approvingly of the conduct or opinions of any dangerous Democrat. Even when he follows an amiable tradition of the House so far as

to pass a pleasant comment upon his dearest official foe, the Speaker, he does it in a manner which leaves no doubt that his compliments have their origin in respect for precedent rather than in the promptings of the heart. Possibly this explains why Mr. Clark, when he wishes to say something agreeable to the Republicans, seems to prefer dwelling reminiscently on Cannon's virtues to paying a more up-to-date tribute to Mann's.

WASHINGTON, *June 8, 1916.*

JOSEPH G. CANNON

THE other evening some one, alluding to the personal appearance of Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, compared him to the prophet Ezekiel. Up sprang Cannon, who was within hearing. "You're wrong," he exclaimed, swinging his long left arm around his head in one of his flail-like gestures; "Ezekiel was driven into exile and stayed there; but I've come back!" It is doubtful whether a half-dozen men in all Washington, including the clergy, could have been so quick to detect the weak spot in the parallel; but it is one of Cannon's great points as an orator that you cannot find a Scripture story which he doesn't know by heart. He has sometimes said that the only books he ever saw as a boy, outside of his common-school textbooks, were the Bible and Josephus.

The arm-swinging was quite as characteristic. Cannon formed the habit when he first became a public orator, and he is helpless

without it. Once in a debate while Carlisle was Speaker, he tried to beg a few minutes' time from the late "Sunset" Cox, who happened to have the floor.

"If the gentleman from Illinois will put his hands in his pockets," said Cox, "I will yield the floor to him for as long a time as he will keep them there."

Into his side-pockets dived Cannon's hands at once; but before he had finished three sentences out they came again, and went whirling around his head. Down came the Speaker's gavel: "The gentleman's time has expired!" And Cannon dropped into his seat amid the roars of the House.

Cannon has now been a national figure for forty-three years, having received his first election to Congress in 1872. From the day he entered the Capitol he has been a power there. In 1890 he was defeated for re-election, just as were McKinley and other advocates of the high tariff act of the Fifty-first Congress; but, after trying some one else for a single term, his constituents were glad to send him back to his old place. The same thing has happened this time. There have been

revolts against his authority as Speaker, and columns of newspaper space have been royally expended in showing what a bad man he is, and yet it does not seem possible to make most people believe it for long. The truth undoubtedly is that, while no one can deny that Cannon has serious faults, he has also some compensating qualities which come into strong accentuation when his enemies overdo their censure of him. The professional labour element discovered this when they attempted to browbeat him into reconstructing his committees so as to let in men whom they wanted in places which he had selected for others. They were reminded of it once more when they ran a candidate against him in his home district. The insurgents discovered it when they threatened to drive him out of the Speaker's chair in mid-session. The Senators learned it when they opposed his effort to give the House its rightful share in legislation, because it meant a shortage in the "pork-barrel" at which they had been helping themselves without stint for so many years.

Cannon is not an elegant man. His ever-present tip-tilted cigar is sufficient evidence

of that, to say nothing of his variegated vocabulary of denunciation. When a book-agent lured him into the purchase of a set of volumes which turned out, on examination, absurdly poor stuff, he wrote out his check to the order of the publishers, but endorsed it: "This check for $150 is in full settlement, both legal and moral, for an edition of '— —,' which is not worth a single damn. We are never too old to learn, and the way your gentlemanly agent came it over your Uncle Joseph was well worth the money."

Next to Thomas B. Reed, no man who has ever filled the Speaker's chair has been so active in trying to reduce the waste of time in the House. Once the invalid pensions committee turned in its usual crop of some hundreds of bills, most of them with favourable and unanimous reports, and the House accepted them in committee of the whole. If, in the regular session, they had been put through the usual process of reading every one by title and voting on it separately, they would have consumed an indefinite period for mere form's sake. Cannon cut the matter short by proposing that, by unanimous consent, the

House vote on them in a bunch. This was done, and in hardly more time than it takes to tell the story they had gone into the record as passed. The incident scandalized the strict constructionists, but saved hours of time which the House was able to devote to other business, and the result was precisely the same. On another occasion, after he had nearly splintered the top of his desk in trying to pound the House into good order with his gavel, he handed the book of House rules to the clerk, and had the passage about etiquette read aloud. Members who had paid no attention to the gavel suddenly "took notice" when they discovered that they were violating the solemn rules of the House, and were individually liable to punishment.

Cannon, who began life as a Quaker, and was read out of meeting because he persisted in marrying the girl of his choice in spite of her not belonging to the same body, has lived to help bury the elders who condemned him for his non-conformity. He is about eighty years old now, and expects to live to be a hundred. He was asked once for his

rules of living, and these were what he cited in response:

"Honour thy father and thy mother.

"Take no thought of the morrow; don't worry.

"Work, work, work, with hands, legs, feet and brain.

"Learn to sing, no matter how miserably.

"Sing and laugh and be happy; and keep on, and keep a-keeping on."

WASHINGTON, *December 23, 1915.*

JEANNETTE RANKIN, M. C.

"LADIES and gentlemen of the House of Representatives." That is what it sounded like when Mr. Balfour opened his recent address to the House. What he meant, doubtless, was to throw in a slight pause after the "Ladies"—a deferential acknowledgment of the presence of the multitude of women in the galleries; but the pause, if any, was so nearly indistinguishable that an enthusiastic suffragist who sat near me whispered: "He recognizes Jeannette Rankin as embodying the whole sex!" And well he might; for in spite of her unusual position and surroundings, she remains the typical woman from top to toe. The top is especially prominent, crowned as it is with a mass of brown hair slightly streaked with grey, worn *à la Pompadour* in a fashion that emphasizes its abundance. The next most noticeable feature is the nose, which is large, straight in outline, and fairly dominates

the face, particularly in profile. The chin stands out well, but is round, and reduced in conspicuousness by a fulness of the cheeks which extends down to the line of the jaw. Her small, rather slight figure, clad in well-fitting garments which rumour credits her with making with her own hands, adds to her thoroughly feminine effect. The V-shaped opening at the neck, and the use of lace and tulle wherever a man would use flat linen stiff with starch, differentiate her completely from the background against which she is projected in her daily work. Strangers visiting Congress look for her before asking to be shown Champ Clark and "Uncle Joe" Cannon—a distinction in itself; and almost invariably their first remark is one of surprise that she has nothing of the Amazon in her appearance. Her face is mobile, her motions are lithe, and her manner has all the vivacity comportable with her obvious seriousness of purpose. Her voice has not, up to the hour of this writing, received a real test of effectiveness in a hall notorious for its bad acoustics when a debate is in full swing; but her responses on roll-call, while distinct enough for all practical needs, lack

the ringing quality which arrests attention in this tumultuous body.

Next to her unmasculine make-up, what astonishes most new observers is the manner in which Miss Rankin is treated by the men among whom she is thrown. Not even the cowboys of her home State—a class who hide a rare strain of chivalry behind a rough exterior—could manifest more respect for her womanhood than these rough-and-tumble Congressmen. In any situation involving precedence, everybody stands aside for her to pass. During a session she is seldom or never alone; some man takes a seat beside her and falls into a whispered conversation, or she seeks out one whom she wishes to consult about a pending measure, and soon their heads are close together. In two respects at least she is setting an excellent example to her colleagues: in prompt and regular attendance, and in keeping track of what is going on. If amendments are coming in thick and fast, as often happens when the bill under consideration is one which the House is ready to accept in spirit but wishes to modify in form, she keeps a pad and pencil always in hand

and conscientiously jots down the proposed changes in phraseology. From the present outlook it would not be surprising if her influence produced a real change in the behaviour of the House in more ways than in mere personal gallantry; for the rudest fighters can hardly fail to take note of the presence of a woman among them, or to be reminded of the fact if momentarily they forget it.

Of course, it is unfortunate that Miss Rankin's first important vote on the floor should have been one in which she could not with an easy conscience voice the prevailing sentiment of her own district or of the country at large, for her attitude on the war issue can never be expunged from the record, however earnestly she may devote her energies hereafter to the national cause. Whether she was visibly and audibly overcome by her emotions —a question on which much stress is laid in certain quarters—we may leave the historians to decide among themselves. Male lawmakers have occasionally exhibited emotional weakness under equally trying conditions, without provoking invidious comments on the capacity of their sex as a whole. Miss Ran-

kin having happened to be the first and only woman in Congress when the war crisis arose, it is far too soon to draw sweeping conclusions on the wisdom of our latest suffrage experiment. A pleasanter thing to remember is that, in a State which gave the Democratic Presidential ticket fifty per cent. more votes than the Republican, she carried, as a Republican, one of the two Representative districts by a plurality of more than six thousand, and with a campaign expenditure of less than seven hundred dollars.

Although sufficient mention has been made already, perhaps, of Miss Rankin's feminine appearance, it would be a pity to pass over, in this connection, her evident love of children and her attraction for them. Several members, trading on a traditional courtesy of the House, brought with them to the reception in honour of Balfour the young folk of their families, and some of these speedily made their way to the Lady from Montana and took possession of her. She had them sitting in her lap or snuggling against her while the formal meeting was in progress, and, when the handshaking procession formed, one or two

clung to her. She smiles a good deal at all times, but seemed particularly beaming when chatting with her little friends. Nor would this thumbnail sketch be faithful to nature if it omitted to add that our fair young pioneer carries with her, while engaged in the business of lawmaking not less than in her other occupations, that characteristic emblem of her sex, the tiny handbag. It has never been my privilege to peep into it, but various indications suggest the guess that it contains the familiar equipment of purse and keys, mirror and handkerchief—and p-wd-r-p-ff!

WASHINGTON, *May 31, 1917.*

JULIUS KAHN

THE success of Julius Kahn of California, in carrying through the House the least attractive of the President's great war measures, and this in the teeth of vigorous opposition from leaders of the President's party and considerable criticism from his own associates, affords a striking illustration of what a cool head, a fair vocabulary, a pleasing presence, and an inexhaustible fund of sunny temper will do for a man in a legislative emergency. Two circumstances lend especial interest to his victory: his German birth and his loyal Republicanism. Born of native parents in the Grand Duchy of Baden, he was brought to this country in childhood, and obtained his schooling in San Francisco in good American fashion by working for a local bakery every day before and after study hours. As a half-grown boy he showed so marked an elocutionary bent that his friends encouraged him to seek a livelihood on the

stage, and it so chanced that his first appearance was as Shylock—a part which Hebrews commonly condemn as an unjust caricature on their race. With Kahn the artistic ideal threw all racial antipathies into the shadow, and within two years his work had won him a call to New York, where he remained till the early nineties, supporting Booth, the elder Salvini, Jefferson, Florence, Clara Morris, and other famous actors of that period.

Not all the charms of mimic life, however, could blind him to the fact that in the theatrical profession increasing years are a handicap, notwithstanding the ripened experience they bring; and after a period of deliberation he decided to study for the bar, where maturity ranks high as an asset. As an actor he had visited Washington repeatedly, and been impressed with the opportunity for a career which Congress offered a man who was willing to work hard and wait for his chance; so, first taking a turn in the California Legislature by way of trying his hand, he announced himself a Republican candidate for Congress in a district which had previously been a Democratic stronghold, and carried it by a

handsome plurality. This was in 1898, and since then he has been returned term after term, with one exception; even in the election immediately following the great fire, which wiped out four-fifths of his constituency, he defeated his Democratic and Socialist competitors by a clear majority of more than twenty-two hundred votes.

Granting that Kahn is a politician and a pretty clever one, this fact alone would not account for his uninterrupted success. He usually contrives to be on the side to which his fellow partisans come, if not at once, at least on second thought; and, by being always patient and kindly towards those who do not agree with him at the outset, he wins over men who might have been confirmed in their opposition by a less tactful course. He is of only moderate height, stocky of build, with a round, full, jolly face and genial eyes. It is hard to imagine his ever having played tragic parts, for he has the face of a comedian as plainly labelled as that of the great Coquelin. Optimism, good nature, a cheerful readiness to take the world as he finds it and make the best of the bargain, are what one reads in a

countenance which includes a mouth that turns up at the corners and a not too obtrusive double chin. In debate, his voice carries to every part of the hall, and, thanks to its early training, is under perfect command as to modulation and emphasis. He never badgers the speakers on the opposite side, and, when they show less consideration for him, gives their heckling so suave a reception as to impress a listener with the notion that he is too assured of the soundness of his own logic to waste time in quarrelling over it.

Kahn's espousal of the cause of the President when the latter was deserted by party friends who would naturally have been first expected to support him, was due not to any personal partiality for Mr. Wilson, but solely to patriotism. He agreed with the President in believing that selective conscription was the basis on which to build up the large army needed by the country at this juncture of affairs; and in the face of such a crisis all individual likes and dislikes, and all partisan affiliations, were pushed aside as inconsiderable. Hardly was this measure out of the way when the espionage question came up, and on

that Kahn was as staunchly opposed to the Administration as he had been favourable to its demand for conscription. His course generally in the present session, following nearly twenty years of useful service, has carried him far on the road to party leadership. He is a man on whom the American public would do well to keep its eye, for he is still only fifty-six years old, whereas Mann is sixty-one and Cannon is on the superannuated list.

WASHINGTON, *July 19, 1917.*

GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT

THE last American to welcome war with Germany or any other Power, but also the last to shirk his share of fighting or responsibility if war must come, is the present chief of staff of the United States army. In civilians' attire and in a drawing-room, no one looks less like a priest of the sword than Hugh Lenox Scott. Two strangers in Washington, at a social gathering, had singled him out from all the rest of the company, attracted by his modest but distinguished bearing and his scholarly face, and asked me who he was. Before answering, I gave each a guess at his calling. "I should set him down as a scientist," said one, "attached, perhaps, to the Smithsonian or the Carnegie Institute." "I'm not so sure about the science," said the other, "but I'll venture he's a college professor." "By lineage he is both," I replied, "and by his own right also, in a way; for he counts among his ancestors Benjamin Franklin and the fa-

mous Dr. Charles Hodge, once president of Princeton College, while, for himself, he not only is the greatest living master of the Indian sign language and an honorary L. H. D., but has filled the chief seat in an institution of learning as Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy."

Three characteristics are printed on Gen. Scott's face: persistence, calmness, and sobriety of thought. You would almost as soon expect to see the Washington Monument walk off its base as to see the General flustered. This is not because he is devoid of emotion; he has an abundance of it, but it is so under his control that it never gets the better of him, even in the most trying moments. None but a long observer would suspect that he has any nerves; and his voice, which is deep-toned and capable of the sternest inflections of command, is so unobtrusive in conversation that one has to pay pretty strict attention in order to catch all he says. These facts will explain in no small measure his wonderful influence over barbarous peoples wherever he has been brought into contact with them. Like the Indians, he is never noisy, and makes little visible

use of his lips in talking; and his countenance does not change its expression, whether he is communicating a friendly suggestion or warning an adversary that his latest utterance must be accepted as an ultimatum, except that now and then it is crossed by a smile which for the moment is like a gleam of thin sunshine on an overcast day. The glistening spectacles through which he looks at his vis-a-vis tend to emphasize the generally serious cast of his face.

It was a happy inspiration which prompted President Roosevelt to make Scott Governor of the Sulu Archipelago at the time when the local disaffection towards the United States was at its height and the Sultan was seizing every opportunity to advertise his defiance of the white invaders. Scott had studied our Indians at close range for so many years, as their conqueror in war and their friend and confidant in peace, that he understood very well what problems were confronting him in dealing with another people who had reached about the same stage of social development. The only essential difference lay in the fact that all over our Indian frontier, among the

tribes that had never seen him scarcely less than among those that had known him for a generation, his name was a household word, and the news that he was coming was the signal for at least the outward composure of any disturbance that might be in progress; whereas in the Sulu Archipelago such prestige had still to be earned. He earned it—at the cost, to be sure, of losing several fingers which were of constant use to him in exemplifying the sign language, but so conclusively that, when he was called back to the United States, the fiercest of the Moro chiefs mourned like children over his departure; and if another outbreak were to occur in that quarter, no human being could be trusted to quell it by arms more effectively than he could by his mere personal presence.

It was his peculiar mettle, doubtless, which Villa recognized when Scott was ordered to the Mexican border last year. One good look into the General's cool grey eyes and at his masterful jaw seemed to satisfy the guerrilla leader that at last he had met a soldier who would be more than his match should they ever come to a trial of strength. Frills and

bluster would have accomplished nothing with this half-civilized fellow; but to the quiet, unostentatious air of determination and self-confidence which he found enveloping Scott he was ready enough to respond with all the pledges demanded of him; and so long as he was the foremost figure on the southern side of the international line the omens of war disappeared behind the horizon. Since then we have begun to harvest a fresh crop of worries on both hemispheres; and it has become a matter of deep regret to many Americans that Scott, their chief apostle of friendly-fronted force, is an indivisible body, which cannot be in four or five places at once.

WASHINGTON, *August 12, 1915.*

GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL

THE first army officer of high rank to take formal cognizance of the necessity for adopting stringent military precautions in this country was Gen. James Franklin Bell, who is to replace Gen. Leonard Wood at New York. His order to the sentries on guard at the fortifications adjacent to San Francisco, to shoot to kill any aviator discovered flying over these reservations, seems a stern one, but it is entirely in accord with his belief that it is better to nip trouble in the bud than to wait till it comes and then try to apply remedies. From the day he began his military career, it has been his unvarying rule to leave nothing to chance, but to settle all current business as it came along. In the army they have many stories to tell in illustration of his directness of method. One has it that when he was a young subaltern he discovered that, what with new uniforms and other ornamental expenses forced upon him during a

rather trying period, there was likely to be a balance on the wrong side of his private accounts when he next footed them up. A popular man, with a good name for keeping his word, he was offered a half-dozen endorsements if he wished to have a note discounted at the bank; but he declined all these kindly overtures, and went at the business of recouping in a manner quite unknown among his associates when they were in similar plight. He had learned where he could buy a carload of potatoes at wholesale with a modest payment down, and of a number of small towns where they could be sold in broken lots at a fair profit, so he obtained a leave of absence and went regularly into the business. By the date his leave expired he had enough cash in hand to head off the threatened deficit and make his mind easy for some time in the future.

Another story told to show how little comparative importance he attaches to outward forms when something worth while has to be done, describes him as having set out to deliver a report on a certain essential matter to his superior officer, Gen. McArthur, and find-

ing himself separated from his destination by a stretch of morass in which the mud was too soft to permit crossing on the surface and too stiff to permit swimming. It would have consumed precious time to go around the obstacle; he must get through it somehow. So without hesitancy he stripped off his own clothing and took everything from his horse that could obstruct motion, and, bestriding the animal in this condition, forced it to ford the swamp with him. When he reached the General's headquarters, the appearance of himself and his mount can be imagined. McArthur, who was uniformed in strict accordance with regulations, was dumfounded at the advent of such a looking messenger, and barely caught his breath in time to acknowledge the latter's salute; but Bell did not seem in the least embarrassed, and postponed any explanations of his plight till he had duly delivered his report.

The chief criticism made of Bell's military methods has to do with what many of his friends style his recklessness, but it is a theory of his that, as he can lay down his life only once at the utmost, he might as well sell it at

a good price as to give it away; and it must be said in defence of this view that such leadership not only spreads an infection of intrepidity among the troops, but soon arouses in the minds of a superstitious enemy the notion that the dare-devil chief bears a charmed life, and that it is practically useless to oppose him. When, in the Philippines, the first discharge of volunteer soldiers occurred, Bell, who had already acquired a great reputation for accomplishing whatever he set out to do, was authorized to offer re-enlistment to any of the men who cared to remain for further service, and to organize a regiment of these. His proposal was gladly accepted by some five hundred of the discharged contingent, and, as the exploits of the new regiment were noised about, a significant nickname was attached to it at headquarters—"Bell's Suicide Club." It was on a foray made by his "club," if I remember aright, that he invented a new weapon. He was hot-footed after a Filipino officer whom he was bound to capture, when his ammunition gave out. There was no time to waste on an effort to replenish, for he was almost on top of his quarry; so, still riding

at full gallop, he contrived to unbuckle one of his stirrups and, seizing it by the end of the strap, he swung it around his head like a huge slungshot, and with this and the use of a leatherlike pair of lungs threw his enemy into a spasm of terror and took him prisoner. It was a number of like performances, including one in which, with only a handful of companions, he charged a body of a hundred Filipinos, drove them to flight, and single-handed captured a captain and two privates by sheer dash after he had fired the last cartridge in his revolver, that won his then unexampled promotion from a captaincy to a brigadier-generalship in the regular army, over the heads of more than one thousand officers who stood before him on the army list.

Bell is a stalwart man physically, with a genial face and manner, a modest deportment, and a readiness to "talk over" debatable points which gives him a marked advantage in any peaceful controversy. But when it comes to real war, he could give even Ethan Allen points on diligence. It is a maxim with him that an army has no business with intrenching tools. Rifles, not spades, he declares, are the

suitable equipment for soldiers, for as soon as an army settles down in intrenchments the enemy recognizes it as a signal for getting ready to attack, whereas the secret of success in fighting is to keep the other fellows on the run. Bell is now about sixty-one years old, but with a lot of good blood in him still, and, though he may not be able to take the field in his old style, his counsel will be sought in any coming emergency. It is safe to prophesy that he will always be found on the side of those who believe that the best way to end a war is to push it to a finish without a let-up, even if it does work some hardships—a peace procured by such compulsion being cheaper in the end than a long-drawn endeavour to give an aspect of gentleness to what is essentially ungentle and hideous.

WASHINGTON, *March 29, 1917.*

REAR-ADMIRAL PEARY

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY, Rear-Admiral retired, U. S. N., must have been reminded often, during the fight made against the promotion of Grayson, of the opposition encountered by himself before he was legislated into his present rank. In his case the objection was not that he had done nothing entitling him to special distinction—for that could hardly be charged against the discoverer of the North Pole—but that his achievements were not technically naval. It was argued that if we began making generals and admirals of men who merely had done something big for science or commerce, there was no telling what extremes the habit might reach. Since we had no other means of substantially recognizing merit of Peary's particular sort, however, his bill went through; and now the question is asked, what titular reward would be appropriate if he should make a brilliant success, in some not impossible

emergency, of his project for a coast patrol of aircraft?

Were the adoption of Peary's plan dependent on his personal influence with Congress, it is difficult to guess how it would fare. With all his gift for sticking to an idea, he has never learned the art of hypnotizing other men. His absorption in the thought that controls him, and his belief in not saying much about what he is going to do, even to the men to whom he must look for co-operation or obedience while doing it, have cost him some friendships which a more diplomatic man might have captured. Although the lieutenants in his undertakings who have stood closest to him have been loyal and even enthusiastic, a good deal of grumbling and criticism have come from the underlings. Nor has his blunt way of speaking his mind won him favour in high official quarters. Bryan, not long before leaving the State Department, fell vigorously afoul of him, denouncing as "little less than a crime" his prediction that within the next hundred years the United States would have to occupy all of North America or submit to obliteration. Peary ignored the censure ex-

cept to remark that he had first uttered that prophecy twelve years before, in a public address delivered in the city of London—the peaceful reception of it seeming to indicate that our British cousins were not deeply agitated over the prospect of losing Canada.

Peary has been noted all his life for saying and doing unexpected things. For years after he had begun taking an interest in Arctic topics, nobody suspected him of having designs on the Pole. Other would-be explorers had loudly advertised their purpose, seeking thus to attract the support of men of means. Peary had neither money nor powerful friends at the start: he was simply one of many unknown young fellows employed in the engineering branch of the navy. But it leaked out once that he was puzzling over the question of what was at the upper end of Greenland, beyond where its coast lines disappeared into nothingness at the top of the maps of that day; and a little club in Brooklyn, happening to hear of this, invited him to come and talk to them about it. They could not afford to pay in cash for his time and trouble, but they arranged to have his talk well reported in a lo-

cal newspaper, and the article caught the attention of a large and well-to-do scientific society which raised the funds needed to send him to Greenland to solve his riddle on the spot. Further trips followed in due course, and presently came forth an expression of his desire to try for the Pole. How he succeeded, after repeated baffleements and at least two painful bodily injuries, is a matter of common knowledge. What is not so generally understood is that the accomplishment which finally crowned his career was due to no special genius, but to the fact that at every stage his work was mapped out in advance with mathematical clearness of detail and carried through as planned, leaving practically nothing to speculation.

In appearance, Peary is not the picturesque hero of romance. He is lean to a marked degree and fairly brick-coloured from years of exposure to the arctic sun and cold together. His movements are in no wise graceful, and his manners are sometimes a trifle brusque. His eyes are his best feature: they are of so deep a blue as to be almost fiery, and present a striking contrast with his reddish hair and

moustache. His effect in its entirety is that of a man who lives out-of-doors and on whom the adverse forces of nature, from icy winds to bears' teeth, could make but a feeble impression. Entertaining traditions cling about Fryeburg, Maine, his mother's home, where he spent much time in his youth, illustrative of his indifference to physical discomforts. He was walking over a country road one frigid November day when he met a neighbour carrying a gun but no game. "I saw a flock of ducks about two miles back," the man explained, "but they were in an open hole in the middle of a frozen pond, and I had no dog, so I let them go."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Peary, "show me the place."

Arrived at the pond, there were the birds. The hunter fired and killed two. Peary stripped, broke the thin ice near the shore with a fence-rail, swam out and recovered the birds, all with as little ado as if the season had been midsummer.

The good people of the town used to point with pride to two stones, set upright in a vacant lot by Peary soon after he had been gradu-

ated from Bowdoin and had begun business as a surveyor; he had used them in establishing the meridian line—a conscientious process which involved his spending many a long, cold winter night working in the open, to take observations of the North Star. It would be hard to get the better of a resolution like that.

WASHINGTON, *April 5, 1917.*

REAR-ADMIRAL GOODRICH

CONFRONTED by a troublesome situation, most of us have a way of turning our thoughts back, with an interest perhaps more sentimental than substantial, to "what might have been." Doubtless the fact that, in spite of all efforts to keep it out, this nation has finally been drawn into the world war, has revived in the mind of Rear-Admiral Caspar Frederick Goodrich some reflections on how his scheme for conserving international peace, even at the cost of fighting for it, would have affected present conditions if it could have been applied in time. It was a dream of his from youth that the two great English-speaking nations might, by entering into a sort of police partnership, force their bellicose neighbours to behave themselves like sharers in a modern civilization and submit their differences to arbitration. Reduced to its simplest terms, his idea was that, when this twain saw other

nations preparing to go to war, they were to step in and advise the peaceful means of settlement; and if one party rejected their overtures and insisted on fighting, Great Britain and the United States were to join forces with its adversaries and help pummel it into a proper respect for good manners. In view of his advocacy of a plan of this sort, it is worthy of note that Goodrich, several years before the latest outbreak of carnage in Europe, called public attention to the fact that Germany, though not having England's geographical or commercial excuse for keeping up a big navy, had raised hers to a strength only second to England's. To him this seemed significant, and in the light of more recent events we all are able to recognize its sinister portent; and what would have happened if the bulk of the German navy had been permitted to get out and play on the high seas the part its builders unquestionably had in view for it, we can but conjecture.

The war now in progress exposes, of course, one weakness in the Goodrich program, namely, the difficulty of making it work in a case where there is no specific ground of dis-

pute between two nations, but where a pretext for a collision is suddenly manufactured by one that has been spoiling for the chance, and a quick succession of events, linked by the interplay of treaties and guarantees among a considerable group of Governments, plunges almost an entire continent into bloodshed without warning. It must not be assumed from this misfit, any more than from his original conception of a self-constituted international police, that Goodrich is a visionary person. On the contrary, no officer of the navy has better earned a reputation for well-balanced plans and business-like methods. It was to him that the navy owed its relief, during the brief but efficient administration of Secretary Newberry, from the burdensome bureaucratic system under which the shore stations became breeding-nests of patronage, where waste of public money was going on at an appalling rate and discipline was demoralized by the diffusion of authority. In every navy yard there were as many separate plants of one kind as there were bureaus using such plants. The Bureau of Yards and Docks, for instance, would have one machine

shop, the Bureau of Construction and Repair another, the Bureau of Ordnance a third, and so on through the list—all the shops doing, or being capable of doing, substantially the same thing, but under separate bosses and directed by separate heads in Washington. This necessarily meant duplication of much of the work, a large increase of cost in needless overhead expenses, and the accumulation in the storehouse attached to one shop of a lot of material that could not be used for the present, while some other shop might be hard at work, night and day, making the same kind of things for itself to supply a deficiency.

A private business run on so senseless a plan would have invited bankruptcy in short order; but the system had been the growth of years, taking its rise in internal bureaucratic rivalries and jealousies, and remaining operative not because any one could have offered a reasonable excuse for it, but because, every time there seemed a possibility of its being disturbed, some Congressman who was "taking care of" a henchman in one of the superfluous foremanships would prance up to the Navy Department and turn the air blue with

denunciations of the threatened interference with his share of the spoils of office. Newberry, fortunately, was built with a backbone and could listen to these rantings without trembling. He sent Goodrich out to make the round of the shore stations and do the job which both of them recognized as essential to save the service from dry rot, and Goodrich did it. He laid his axe to the red-tape used in office methods as well as to the excrescences on plants and rosters, so that it should no longer be necessary for a commandant at a yard to spend his time signing hundreds of formal papers with his own hand which could be signed by subordinates just as well or dispensed with altogether, or to keep five shops running where one would answer all purposes, or to compose conflicts between the under-lords of various bureaus, or to delay the payment of contractors' accounts so that the Government had to pay more for everything it ordered than a private concern making corresponding purchases; and he put the workmen upon a competitive basis for retention and promotion, which eliminated the element of vicious favouritism as far as was humanly pos-

sible under the circumstances. Not all these improvements have been retained intact under later Administrations, but the changes made by Newberry during his few months' tenure were so radical that it would take about as much hard work for any successor to restore the whole evil system as was originally spent on building it up; and if Goodrich had nothing else to his credit for the nearly fifty years of his active connection with the naval service, his work as a chopper and pruner would suffice for a record.

The Admiral, who has been on the retired list since early in 1909, is now seventy years old. He has put in some of his leisure in writing for the magazines, which he does very well, and has not confined himself by any means to professional topics. With his business acumen and his versatility, he ought to have his share in our naval councils during the present war.

WASHINGTON, *May 17, 1917.*

WILLIAM H. TAFT

FIVE Federal judges—two of them, I believe, appointees of President Taft —chanced the other day to meet at a friend's house, where the conversation turned upon Mr. Taft's present activities. They were unanimous in their opinion of the value of the service he was doing the country by his temperate public discussion of current history from the point of view of one who had recently had much to do with making it. Then one of the party threw out the query: "If he is so competent to advise others, how came he to make no better showing for himself?" The rest shrank slightly from putting into words the thought that was in their minds, till one drew forth a chorus of assent by remarking: "He had too judicial a mind." And forthwith followed a round of stories of the ex-President which, if told of any ordinary citizen, would have been accepted as evidence of his insincerity of character, but which a psy-

chologist would construe as a sign of an abnormal terror of making a mistake—a trait which causes so many good men to come to ground between two stools.

The weakness is an amiable one, doubtless, but it has cost Taft more friends than all his other amiable traits have won for him. Human nature is so constituted that the man of honest purpose who goes ahead, doing his best for the hour, but leaving Providence to look out for the loose ends, will bind his fellows to him by stronger ties, regardless of his many blunders, than he who never finishes weighing the two sides of any question. Probably down at the root of the difference lies the fact that lack of self-confidence begets mistrust in others. Graduating from the bench into the executive field, Taft carried his judicial habit so far that no one dared accept as final the decisions he had reached at bedtime, lest he should change his mind before the next daybreak. A judge, it may be, could afford to shift position in this way, because it is part of his duty and training to keep his conclusions to himself till the time arrives for their official promulgation; but Taft, after he

had thrown off the conventional restraints of the bench, acquired a bad habit of thinking aloud, as it were; and a frankness which under other conditions might have been regarded as a positive virtue became almost a vice in a President who, with so enormous responsibilities resting on him, would let it be known today that he had settled upon one plan or policy, only to reverse himself completely tomorrow, even though the overnight change were the fruit of more mature deliberation.

Another and very serious shortcoming in Taft as President, having its source in his judicial experience, was his tendency to sudden and impulsive retorts upon whoever happened to offend him. Here was the arbitrary power of the judge to punish contempt, exercised far away from the courtroom. He could not throw the offenders into jail, perhaps, but he could pass a summary moral judgment upon them without giving them a chance to correct his misunderstandings. The sort of candour he was so proud of visiting upon others he could not brook when turned upon himself, and his sensitiveness was so keen that he would imagine an adverse

criticism where none had been made or intended.

Now, however, the situation is once more altered. Taft is neither held in restraint by the traditions of a court nor impelled to an unwonted promptness of decision by the pressure of an administrative routine. He has no personal following to insist, as Grant's did in 1880, on his shaping his words and conduct with a view to re-election, nor is he faced with a national financial or economic crisis which can be met by his party only under his direct leadership, as was Cleveland in 1892. The constant demand upon him for addresses to be delivered to one or another body of his fellow citizens affords a natural and unobtrusive outlet for any of his opinions on public affairs which he thinks might fit the needs of the moment, and the independence of his position before the country is a sufficient guarantee that these opinions are not tinctured by any ulterior motive. In spite of a few strong native likes and dislikes, Taft's detached judgments are apt to be fair and sane; and their forms of expression are pretty carefully thought out nowadays, for the lesson of

the Winona speech, dictated to a stenographer between stations on a railway journey, has left too deep an impress on his memory to permit of his ever falling into that particular error of carelessness again.

In Taft's example we may read the best possible answer to the once haunting question: "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" The younger Adams answered it in his way by coming to Congress and helping to make laws for his successors to execute; the old Virginia triumvirate lent much time and thought in their retirement to the upbuilding of the institutions of their State; the Harrison of our generation resumed his law practice, and pleaded his country's cause successfully before an international tribunal; Hayes renewed his early associations as a friend among friends. Taft has effected a rather clever combination of private and public employment. His professorship at Yale brings him into close touch with the rising generation, the trend of whose thought he can influence for reasonableness; while his ready response to calls from all over the Union, for occasions which will assure him a large audience on the

spot and a yet larger one through the press, enables him to interpret for the American people many of the political and social omens of the day, the full significance of which might otherwise be overlooked or misapprehended.

WASHINGTON, *December 30, 1915.*

HARRY A. GARFIELD

THE old saw which represents great men's sons as usually small enough to strike a moderate average has no application to the Garfield family, which produced in one generation a President of the United States and in the next at least two men of deserved eminence. But President Garfield had for a wife a woman of exceptional force and energy, with a wonderful capacity for coping with sudden exigencies—one of the sort we read about in stories of pioneer life, but rarely meet. The "Garfield boys," as they are still called in spite of their having turned the half-century post, resemble both father and mother. From the father they inherit an attractive personality, a tactful address, and the gift of ready speech; from the mother a combination of firmness of resolve with external gentleness and self-control.

Harry Augustus is the eldest of a considerable family group. He was born too late to

recall his father as a soldier, but much of his childhood was passed in Washington, where the Garfields made their home during the sessions of Congress in a modest dwelling on the edge of Franklin Square, which has since been turned into an apartment house. Across the Square stood a private school famous in those days and later as a place for preparing boys for college. It was kept by a quaint scholar named Young, who took great pride in his personal resemblance to James G. Blaine and who loved to entertain visitors at his desk by pointing out among the pupils facing him the sons of Secretary This, and of Senator That, and of Representative So-and-So. To this school Harry was sent, and it is to his credit that, as his father advanced in public importance, the lad did not succumb, like some of his companions, to the influence of the atmosphere of vicarious greatness which surrounded him. As soon as he was prepared for college he entered Williams, where his father had been graduated twenty-five years before.

The President's assassination occurred the same summer, leaving this eighteen-year-old freshman to share with his mother the respon-

sibility of heading their household in the shadow of a terrible tragedy. Following in the footsteps of his father, Harry adopted the law as a basic profession, though his strong bent was towards politics and sociology. He liked people, and the things that have to do with human rather than purely material interests. He began practice in Cleveland, but was soon immersed in the task of cleaning the dark and dirty corners of the municipal government, and was rewarded by witnessing the success of a reform movement under his leadership which drove into exile a notorious gang of "boodlers" who had been running the affairs of the city to their own enrichment and the damage of the respectable element in the community. As a lawyer and business man, meanwhile, he was pushing the upbuilding of transportation lines and banking concerns in the neighbourhood, and putting in his few odd hours as a lecturer in the Western Reserve Law School; and as writer and speaker in the nation at large he made vigorous efforts towards the improvement of our consular system and the civil service in general.

It was in the midst of these activities that Princeton University found him in 1903, when it was looking for some one to take the place of the professor of jurisprudence and politics who had just resigned. Woodrow Wilson, who had lately filled the same chair, had left it to become president of the University. Their community of tastes led the two men into pretty intimate companionship, and thus paved the way for the appointment of Garfield—who in the interval had been called to the presidency of Williams—as Fuel Administrator through the crisis brought about by the country's entrance into the world war. The choice of him for a post that is bound to have, for a time at least, a savour of unpopularity, reflects credit upon President Wilson's discernment; for the new Administrator possesses the same faculty which was so conspicuous among the political assets of his father, for "getting on" with people. His determination as to the course he is to pursue is as definite as his mother's always was and still remains in spite of her eighty-five years; but his way of meeting opposition wears it gradually away, and an adversary who enters the lists against him

resolved not to yield an inch may before long be presenting him with an ell, not as a token of surrender, but with a sense of offering a wholly voluntary contribution to a worthy cause. In handling the coal industry, so dependent on a harmonious relation between employers and employed in the mining fields, a talent of this sort is a fortune in itself. What Garfield accomplished as a college president, winning over the bulk of the student body to his support notwithstanding the antagonisms he had aroused at the outset by sundry new restrictive measures, he bids fair to accomplish in his dealings with the mine-owners and their workmen, if we may judge by the present attitude of certain men in authority among the knights of the pick.

Garfield has the large head, the expansive brow and fresh tinted complexion of his father, with the full, dark, poetic eyes of a dreamer, but the mouth and chin of a man of action. He is a natural orator, not of the spread-eagle variety, but with a ready command of the phrases best calculated to convey his meaning clearly, and a happy sense of proportion and perspective in the arrangement of his argu-

mentative points. A youthful fondness for football trained him to the appreciation of intelligent team-play, and he finds far greater satisfaction in a success won by co-operative work than in any mere personal triumph over threatening odds. Nearly every one who does not know the man is disposed to resent the undignified familiarity of the newspapers in referring always to "Harry" Garfield. There is in this no cause of offence, however, for Harry is the name with which he was christened: it might have cost him half his availability for such posts as he has filled to have been loaded with the formal "Henry."

WASHINGTON, *November 8, 1917.*

ANDREW D. WHITE

ONE American to whom the recent trend of affairs in Europe must have brought especial distress is Dr. Andrew Dickson White, perhaps the most distinguished example of the scholar in politics our country produced during his generation. Fortunately, a man of eighty-three can bear these things with more philosophy than one of half that age. Dr. White not only received part of his higher education at Oxford, Paris, St. Petersburg and Berlin, but he has twice served us in a diplomatic capacity at the Russian court—once as attaché and once as Minister—and has been at various times our Minister and our Ambassador to Germany. Thus he has been brought into relations of unusual intimacy with the governments of two of the great Continental Powers arrayed against one another in the present war. His service in Germany was most noteworthy, for he saw that country first under the elder Wil-

helm and his faithful Bismarck, and the second time after the reigning Kaiser had been nine years on the throne.

The changes which had occurred in the interval were almost inconceivable. The army which, under Wilhelm I, was merely an efficient instrument of force reserved for use in offensive and defensive emergencies, had become, under the old man's grandson, the master of the German people. Everything else was made to bow down before it. The youth of the empire were educated with reference to one day taking their places in it. The military code, economic and ethical, was everywhere dominant. The whole social structure had been remodelled on straight lines and right angles, and woe to him who should try a diagonal short-cut without authority from above. In another important respect the new Germany was unlike the old: that was, in its attitude towards things American. The sense of friendliness which had made German Day almost as much of a festival in the United States as in the Fatherland seemed to have been forgotten, and in its place Dr. White faced a thinly veiled and plainly contemptuous

hostility. The war for Cuban independence was brewing when he reached his Ambassadorial post, and broke out soon afterwards; and the military magnates and the lizard press of Berlin vied with each other in sneering intimations of our inability to cope with Spain. Here was the supreme test of self-restraint for a proud man and a good patriot; but Dr. White overcame a thousand temptations to retort, and so bore himself that, after the Cuban war had ended in a complete triumph for our arms, he stayed on for four years more, intrenching himself firmly in the respect of the cultivated class of Germans and receiving marked honours from the Kaiser, who presented him, at parting, with the gold medal of the Empire of Science and Art, which is conferred annually upon the one person in the world whom the German Government deems worthiest of it. The next year Dr. White represented the United States at the Hague Conference, and took part in deliberations designed to do away, all over the earth, with the militaristic ideals which Wilhelm II was trying to fasten upon Germany, and was chiefly instrumental in persuading

Andrew Carnegie to build the International Peace Palace.

Though Dr. White, like his fellow scholar President Wilson, has devoted the study of a life-time to history and political science, he has not ignored the natural sciences, the fine arts, literature, or religion, for all these elements, he will tell you, enter largely into the composition of history in its broader sense. He has added, also, a valuable contribution of personal activity in the politics of his own country. He attended the Republican National Convention of 1864 which renominated Lincoln, and that of 1872 which performed the same office for Grant, and took a conspicuous part in that of 1884, where he was among the small group of delegates who strove to prevent the nomination of Blaine, but supported him in the campaign in deference to the expressed will of their party. Neither has he been above taking his own chances at the polls as a candidate, and one of these adventures bore fruit in the great success of his career; for his election to the New York State Senate brought him into close contact with Ezra Cornell, the millionaire land-owner,

who listened sympathetically to his plea for the foundation of a university in the interior of the State on a basis so liberal that any boy who craved an education could obtain one there, no matter how poor or friendless he might be. Cornell's consent was conditioned upon White's promise to take charge of the institution; and it was the first president's manner of handling his task, coupled with a timely addition to its endowment from his private purse, which gave Cornell University its initial momentum towards the position it has since attained, carrying his name with it in its train of fame.

In everything except inches and avoirdupois, Dr. White looks his part. He is a small man, but his whitened hair and beard and his unemotional eyes stamp him as one who has lived long in the world and profited by his observation of it. His quiet habit and his somewhat precise manner of speaking, with a glint of humour showing through it here and there, give an impressive effect to whatever he has to say. It is related that he broke up a projected rebellion at Cornell University by calmly reminding the ringleaders that the

University would be richer if every student quitted it and its funds were placed at interest instead of being spent upon them; so he urged all who were of their way of thinking to leave at once. That was the end of the folly. The little man who knew what he was about had conquered the big body whose chief weapon was bluster.

WASHINGTON, *January 6, 1916.*

BRAND WHITLOCK

NOT of his own volition, but in obedience to direct orders from Washington, Brand Whitlock finally left Brussels. Like Ambassador Herrick, who stayed in Paris to help the distressed and embarrassed after the Government and the legations had gone to more comfortable quarters in Bordeaux, Minister Whitlock felt that he could be of larger usefulness at his old post than at Havre, whither the rest of the diplomatic corps had betaken themselves with the Court. This was the human, as distinguished from the official, view of a representative of the greatest of the neutral governments, and its effect in keeping up the courage of the Belgian people under the tyrannical rule of their temporary masters has been not less marked than its stimulation of the pride and confidence of his own countrymen, and its exposure, by contrast, of the barbarism masquerading under the guise of *Kultur*.

A lawyer by virtue of admission to the bar, but a newspaper and literary worker by instinct and choice, Whitlock long ago learned the unwisdom of exuberance. In a sense he is an enthusiast, throwing his heart into whatever employs his mind and his hand; but he keeps his energies well stored for use when something of importance calls for inspiration, instead of letting them out spasmodically through the safety-valve of speech. An instance in point was when the political factions in Belgium plunged into a controversy over the methods to be followed in distributing the food supplies sent into the country by outside sympathizers. Several million hungry Belgians were to be helped, and there were only a handful of qualified persons to do the work, so the situation did present a good deal of a problem. A conference between the squabbling factions was in full swing, and leaders on both sides were struggling to harangue the rest, when the Amercian Minister, who had been invited to the meeting as a matter of courtesy, appeared. As the most eminent personage in the hall, the declaimers waived their right to be heard in order to make it possible

for him to deliver an address. His refusal to do so, on the modest plea that he had come there not to talk, but to lend a hand in any way he could help, was more eloquent than the most elaborate oration he could have put together. It silenced the wrangle and set the whole party to figuring on what they could do in the shortest order rather than on who should reap the credit for their common achievement.

Such things were a constant marvel to the Belgians, accustomed to the ceremonial atmosphere enveloping everything official in Europe. His brief declaration, when he found the urgent relief work impeded by a technical debate over who was responsible, under the Hague conventions, for the care of the sufferers in a situation like the one existing, "Starving people can't eat Hague conventions," chopped the Gordian knot through the middle and gave the contestants a fresh phase of the subject to talk about. Equally direct was his settlement of a question brought to his notice by a high judicial dignitary of Belgium in the early days of the war. The Court was still in Brussels, and the German Government had turned over the handling of its local

affairs to Whitlock as a neutral diplomatist. The solemn judge called upon him one morning to say that certain suspicious circumstances had led to the belief that the chimney of the German Legation building concealed a wireless telegraph apparatus with which spies were keeping the invaders informed of events in the city. "I have the honour to suggest," he continued, "that your Excellency unite with me in the appointment of a commission of investigation, authorized to summon witnesses, take testimony, and render a report on the matter."

"Couldn't we get at the facts sooner," responded Whitlock, "by going up ourselves and looking down the chimney?"

The prompt assent which greeted his inquiry astonished the Minister as much as the informality of the proposal had astonished the judge. Up they climbed to the roof together, peered down the chimney, and found—a swivelled wind-guard which, having gone too long unoiled, gave forth mysterious squeaks and creaks whenever a passing breeze swung it around on its axis.

Albeit Whitlock has spent several years,

first and last, in public life, he never sought office in the politician's way. While living as a young man in Chicago he declined positions offered him by Governor Altgeld, whose unpopular cause he had championed. But in Toledo, where he afterward made his home, he became so close a friend and disciple of Samuel Jones, the "Golden Rule" Mayor, as to be elected to succeed him and carry forward his policies. Whitlock, however, longed to divest himself of the petty cares of office and find some leisure for writing; so after four terms as Mayor he declined another, and President Wilson, as a man of letters ambitious to fill our foreign service with members of his own craft, chose him for the Belgian Mission. He was scarely more than settled at this post before the world war broke out, and he found himself in the very thick of the trouble. Again and again, German subjects who were in danger of death at the hands of outraged Belgians sought his protection and were kept in safety under the roof of his Legation; and when the German army had advanced upon Brussels and the Court had removed to France, it was he who persuaded the Burgo-

master not to offer any armed resistance, and the beautiful capital was thus spared the fate of some less prudent cities; yet when he joined in the protest against the killing of Edith Cavell, he was as powerless as his colleagues to divert the Prussian thirst for blood.

The reputation he had gained for courage and resourcefulness, quite as much as their desire to maintain relations of outward friendliness with this country, moved a number of foreign governments to commit their interests to his keeping for the period of the war. At one time he had eight such trusts to administer, representing simultaneously Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Japan, Servia, Denmark, and the principality of Liechtenstein, as well as the United States. It involved an almost unendurable nervous strain for the bearer of these responsibilities to stay at his post and witness the reign of horrors all about him. He hates war; he loves humanity for its own sake; yet he is no spineless pacifist, and has always refused to adopt socialism because it "provides for everything in the world except liberty." He also cherishes a wholesome antipathy for the "reformer" who insists that

other people shall be forced—by the police power, if necessary—to conform their lives to his particular ideals.

Whitlock's war vigil in Brussels has aged him more than thrice the same number of years would have if passed in a peaceful environment. His eyes are as large and full and his expression as intense as of old; he is still youthful in build, though counting forty-eight years by the calendar; but deep lines have come here and there into his once softly rounded face, and a suggestion of gauntness about the jaws conveys the impression of a long subjection to anxiety and a determination to emulate Mr. Britling and "see it through."

WASHINGTON, *July 5, 1917.*

HENRY VAN DYKE

THE Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who recently resigned his office as Minister to Holland, will never figure in history as a great diplomatist, for much the same reason that he will never figure as a great ecclesiastical leader: he likes too well to obey his human impulses, regardless of artificial restraints. Though technically a neutral of the neutrals while representing his government at a foreign court, barely had he got beyond gunshot of The Hague before he burst into song in glorification of France, and with a fervour which showed where his heart had really been through the two years and more when the code of international etiquette imposed upon him an irksome silence. The episode recalls his experience long ago in the church, where, as a good Presbyterian by descent and education, he had adopted for a life calling the instruction of other men in the faith of his fathers. In those days the church

had almost as much respect for an avowed infidel as for a member who questioned the literal inerrancy of the Bible, and its moral ban was laid upon all such levities as dancing and theatregoing. Van Dyke, who believed that one need not be any the worse religionist for being also a man of the world in the broader sense, did not leave the fold in order to exercise freedom of conscience for himself and demand it for others, but undertook to procure the desired reforms from the inside.

His liberal tendencies had begun to manifest themselves while he was a student in Princeton College in the early seventies and took part in the undergraduate gaieties which he has commemorated in his "Triangle Song," still roared forth with gusto by old Princetonians to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia"; a single stanza will suffice to indicate what he was up to as a lad:

Well the old Triangle knew the music of our tread,
How the peaceful Seminole would tremble in his bed!
How the gates were left unhinged, the lamps without a head,
While we were marching through Princeton!

In the theological seminary he appears to

have retained his fondness for unhinging gates, as witness his little tilt with Dr. Charles Hodge, the eminent polemist, over the perfection of the canonical Scriptures. Hodge illustrated his own attitude by inquiring whether, if we came upon a huge marble palace, in an obscure corner of which we were able to discover a red brick set in among the marble blocks, we should be justified in denying that the structure was a marble palace.

"By no means," answered young Van Dyke. "But we should say that it was a marble palace with a red brick in it; and that is the sort of claim we make for the Bible."

In later years, when the question of creed revision was uppermost, he took his stand for a short and comprehensive confession of faith rather than one that was longer but more narrowly technical. In the Briggs heresy controversy, his constant plea was for charity of judgment, and a basis of action which should keep in good standing the honest and earnest progressive as well as the assuredly orthodox conservative; and in the discussions over internal discipline which used to rack the church from time to time he was always in favour of

allowing the largest practicable latitude in the matter of diversions not essentially unwholesome. Doubtless it was the same spirit of revolt against needless restrictions which led him away from all permanent pastoral associations, and into other fields of teaching where he could be more his own master. Even a college professorship he seemed to find somewhat oppressive, and declined one at Johns Hopkins and resigned one at Princeton in order to devote his best efforts to literary work. In this field he felt truly free, roaming from themes religious to those of travel and sportsmanship and fiction and general criticism, for he was a devoted fisherman and a great reader; and now and then he would expand his scope of work by preaching as a volunteer to a parish that needed him, but just "for love of it," as he once expressed his idea, and not for pay. Of his dislike of mixing piety with pocket-money the story is told of a request which came to him from an editor for a prayer suited to some special occasion, to be published in a popular magazine; Van Dyke furnished the prayer, but promptly sent back the check received in payment for it, and the editor, not

to be outdone in unworldliness, gave the sum to a children's charity.

It was at Princeton that he was brought into rather close contact with Woodrow Wilson, a fellow-professor, and his appointment to The Hague was an outgrowth of the relations there established. On just what ground the President selected diplomacy as the line of activity in which to employ a genius of Van Dyke's stamp it is hard to guess, except on the general principle that led earlier Presidents to fill a few foreign posts with men of letters who could make a profitable use afterwards of their experiences and observations abroad. Happily, Van Dyke, like his colleague in Italy, Thomas Nelson Page, is socially gifted, and under certain conditions a diplomatist's personal popularity in the country to which he is accredited counts for a good deal. Few tasks can be conceived, however, less congenial to a man of Van Dyke's temperament and tastes than the care of American interests at the capital of a nation assumed to be as neutral as our own, during a war which, horrible as some of its features may be, must continually spur a poet's soul to express itself in forms

prohibited. It will be possible now, let us hope, to get some more intimate glimpses of the war, from an inside point of view, than have been forthcoming thus far, since release from official bondage has set free the hand of him whom a literary friend once described as a poet-critic-essayist-novelist-educator-lecturer-fisherman-pulpiteer.

WASHINGTON, *January 11, 1917,*

GIFFORD PINCHOT

THE act of the National Academy of Sciences in conferring a medal upon Gifford Pinchot, in recognition of his "distinguished service for the direction and organization of the movement for the conservation of the national resources of the United States," calls to the fore again a figure once prominent in public affairs, but of late less conspicuous. Most of the newspaper notices drawn out by the presentation speak of Pinchot as the father of scientific forestry in this country. That designation must be taken with a large allowance for error. The man who gave economic forestry under Government auspices, as distinguished from silviculture and wood-lot farming, its great impulse, was Dr. Bernhard E. Fernow, now Dean of Forestry in the University of Toronto. Pinchot came to Washington first as Dr. Fernow's assistant. The subject was so little understood in Congress, however, that the divi-

sion devoted to it in the Department of Agriculture was continually cramped for funds and repressed in scope, and Pinchot, finding himself uncomfortable there, presently passed into a broader field in private life, where he could be his own master; and it was only when his former chief was called to Cornell University to organize a forestry school, that he came back into the federal service as its official expert in his specialty. He was young, alert, assiduous. His social gifts were considerable. His youthful enthusiasm was backed by a generous bank account; and such a combination, supplementing his training in this country and abroad, enabled him to make a headway with Congress for which one less practically equipped could scarcely hope. Not only did he procure larger appropriations year by year, but in due course the compass of the office he filled was enlarged, and the division was raised to substantially the dignity of a bureau.

The general conservation movement, as we know it today, grew out of the forestry movement by the most natural evolutionary process, although Pinchot's instrumentality in

starting the train will always stand to his credit. The saving of the forests from wanton destruction meant an increase in water resources, and in order to make the most of these there must be a scientific system of storage and distribution. Who should undertake this? On the public lands, in connection with watercourses that crossed State boundaries, the proper power was the Federal Government, because State jurisdiction stopped short with the State border. Private appropriation of forests and water had been going on for years at such a rate that posterity seemed doomed to exclusion from the benefits of these things unless a systematic campaign were set afoot to check the selfish practice.

But the Government, as Pinchot viewed the matter, could not be trusted to work out the scheme unaided. He had had enough experience with Congress to realize that, even when its purpose is most sincere, it knows too little about sundry scientific subjects to protect itself against dishonest machinations and bad advice from outside. The only hope, therefore, of keeping the conservation movement alive and effective was to have a strong

private organization always on the watch and ready to expose fallacies as promptly as they appeared. Hence the establishment of the National Conservation Association, in the oversight of whose activities Pinchot has won his chief fame.

A very outspoken man, with a definiteness about his hatreds and a freedom in his use of epithets that are far from tactful, Pinchot has succeeded in making a good many powerful enemies, especially since he has taken a strenuous part in politics. No physiognomist could note his tall, lithe figure at an age when men tend to grow heavy, his prominent temples, his dep-set eyes, and the depression of his face at the junction of the nostrils with the upper lip, without recognizing his temperamental intenseness. The impression is heightened when he speaks, for he fairly pelts you with his words. He never lets an adverse argument, however trivial in itself, pass unchallenged, and he rarely smiles, though his face is relieved of a trifle of its habitual seriousness when he is amiably excited.

One could hardly conceive of a personality less adapted for the hurly-burly of common

political strife, and his effort, two years ago, to be elected Senator in the place of Penrose of Pennsylvania, was so surely foredoomed to failure that his best friends deplored his going into the contest. His optimism would have been proof against any protest, however, had it been offered; he would have dismissed every remonstrance as the emanation of a faint heart. His one controlling thought was that in the Senate he would find an unequalled vantage-ground from which to push much-needed legislation; and on the possibility that an overwhelming defeat might inflict severe damage on the cause he was advocating, he wasted not a moment's consideration.

But outside of politics Pinchot has a highly appropriate sphere of usefulness. He is trying to save the natural resources for the benefit of posterity; and, no matter how his speech and conduct may affect the mature men with whom he has occasion to wrestle, the appeal he makes to young people seems irresistible. He can explain problems of conservation to an audience of boys and girls in the grammar-school stage so as to reach their understandings and arouse in them a desire to help in

the movement. He carries a class of collegians with him almost as if he owned them. In the Forestry Service he trained a staff of young subordinates who fairly worshipped him, and whose loyalty has remained unshaken by any later vicissitudes. Here is obviously his undisputed field; and it is more than possible that the National Academy had in mind his work with, quite as much as his work for, future generations, in singling him out for the honour it conferred.

WASHINGTON, *April 27, 1916.*

COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

BEHIND all the activities of the President in the present international crisis has stood, not so obscured by the shadows as to escape the observation of the watchful, a smallish, soberly dressed grey man with a slender figure, a long, narrow face, cautious eyes, a high forehead, sparse hair and a close-cropped moustache, under which the lower lip clamps tight against the upper, as if the mouth were shut with a purpose. You might pass him twenty times in the street without noticing him, and the only thing which would attract your attention to him indoors probably would be the atmosphere of quiet in which he is enveloped. He is practically noiseless in his movements—not sly or furtive, but simply noiseless—as if he had formed in his childhood a habit of doing things in the way which would cause the fewest needless collisions and the least jar; and, except to ask questions, he rarely lets fall a word among strangers. This

is the man whom one European journalist has dubbed "the sphinx in the soft felt hat," another "the dumb missionary," a third our most accomplished expert "in the delicate art of saying nothing," and a fourth "the friend, inspirer, boss, and *alter ego* of President Wilson," and of whom the President himself has playfully said: "He is my eyes." To the great body of Americans who know him chiefly through the newspaper headlines describing conferences at the White House with "Colonel House of Texas," he is about as much of a mystery as to the foreign commentators.

There is nothing really mysterious about Edward Mandell House except his military title, which another Texan tells me was thrust upon him by a former Governor of their State who appointed him an aide-de-camp on his staff without so much as asking leave. Had House been consulted, there is abundant reason to believe he would have declined to serve, as it is a sort of religion with him to hold no offices, belong to no societies, attend no conventions, take no part in public meetings, and generally to efface his personality as far as pos-

sible, so as to have the more of himself to throw into whatever work he has undertaken to do. More than one Governor of Texas has owed his elevation to the shrewd and unadvertised tactics of Colonel House, and President Wilson has leaned upon him constantly in the gravest emergencies. In this relation, House has played the part not only of eyes, but of ears. He has done the moving about, the seeing and hearing which the President could not possibly do. When the President announces that what he is trying to accomplish is the interpretation into fact of the thoughts and wishes of the voiceless multitude, it is House who is acting as his medium for learning what those thoughts and wishes are. Whether the voiceless multitude has always the wisest judgment in public affairs may be open to question; but that House has actually found out what that judgment is, and conveyed it honestly to the President, may as fairly be inferred from the result of last November's national election. And beyond a doubt the utterances of the President in his notes to the belligerent Powers and his recent addresses to Congress were outgrowths of House's reports to him of the state

of the popular mind abroad, as distinguished from the official mind.

It would be natural to assume that such an intimacy as exists between these two men must be the fruit of a friendship of many years' standing; for a fact, however, they were not even acquainted a year before the assembling of the memorable Baltimore Convention. They were brought together then because friends of Mr. Wilson felt that he must, in order to be nominated, have the Texas delegation, which seemed likely otherwise to be counted for Judson Harmon. They took an instant liking to one another, and so absolute is the faith of the Texas Democratic organization in the magical discernment of House that, when he notified its leaders that he had found the candidate they had all been waiting for, a delegation was made up for Baltimore who could be trusted to stick to Wilson through thick and thin.

House is not a rich man, as rich men go nowadays. He inherited a comfortable estate from his father, who was a considerable landowner, was interested in cotton culture, and did not a little banking in connection with the

various irons he had in the fire. The Colonel has not done much more than conserve and improve what came into his hands by descent, and no one has ever heard of his going into any speculative ventures, albeit he has taken a hand in railway management in the South and been a director in a prominent Northern trust company. Though born and reared in Texas and still hailing from there, he received his schooling in New Haven and his college training at Cornell. It is his mixture of Northern and Southern interests, indeed, which has enabled him to compute so successfully the average of public sentiment in the country at large. His distaste for narrow sectionalism is possibly reflected in his selection for his summer home of the town in Essex County, Massachusetts, which derives its name from the fact that it is the northernmost habitat of the typically southern magnolia.

WASHINGTON, *February 15, 1917.*

JANE ADDAMS

WHEN Jane Addams was last in Washington, to preside over a world-peace gathering, the common remark was that she had lost her hold on a considerable part of her old constituency. There was a time when Miss Addams had only to open her lips and the whole country listened. Indeed, her voice could be heard across the sea, as was evidenced when John Burns, the English labour leader, pronounced her "the only saint America has produced," and other Old-World notables made use of her name and exploited her ideas in public utterances to their home people.

It would be hard to define precisely the character of the change that seems to have come over feeling here. It was recognizable in the rather perfunctory quality of the applause which greeted her appearance on the platform, and it was not unlike what has been observed here repeatedly in the cases of po-

litical leaders who have overloaded their prestige with unfamiliar burdens. It contained no hint of derogation of her earlier activities. Jane Addams of Hull House loomed large in the history of her special era, and is still cherished as warmly as ever in the popular affections; but Jane Addams of the World seems a small figure projected against a huge background. Hull House and its work she knew from centre to circumference. As her fame spread and she was drawn into other lines of activity, however, her definiteness of vision seemed to suffer. The limit was reached, perhaps, four summers ago, when she became engulfed in the Progressive party whirlpool, where "Bill" Flinn of Pennsylvania and other boss-trained veterans were grasping at everything in sight which might be trusted to bring a vote to the polls in November. No one human mind could have compassed such a hodge-podge as was included in the demands of the new party program, and the leaders of the movement did not hesitate to crack a jest on the fact in private. The one great object they had in view was the destruction of a certain public man and

the banishment of his following; and persons like Miss Addams were used, quite unconsciously to themselves, as advertising figure-heads, to give an air of genuineness to the so-called crusade.

What did surprise many former warm supporters of Miss Addams was that she should not have apprehended the real position assigned to her in the general scheme, for she had not been without experiences calculated to sharpen her mental eyesight for the detection of tawdry illusions and false philosophy. There was the incident of the old Scotchwoman in the Hull House neighbourhood, whom she found walking out one raw winter day in clothing which struck her as too thin for the temperature. Taking the fur-lined circular from her own shoulders, she threw it around those of the woman, a free gift. Afterward, her friends suspected, she came to realize that she had done a rather foolish thing in her over-prompt response to a generous impulse; for the old woman could have been adequately protected with a less fine and inappropriate garment, and a philanthropic end accomplished by a means not so uneconomic. Every

one will recall her confession of her morbid fancy, as a child, for not walking with her father in public, because she was so painfully conscious of her imperfections that she did not wish to cast discredit upon him in the eyes of other people who might suspect their relationship; but along with this went her habit of attaching herself to her uncle in the street, blindly disregarding the fact that, were any odium to come to her escort on her account, she was merely shifting it from one good man who loved her to another.

Then, there was her worship of Bronson Alcott because he was the friend of her idol, Emerson; extending to the point of surreptitiously getting hold of his cloth overshoes and cleaning them of mud "in a state of ecstatic energy." And it is a delicious story she tells of the impression left on her mind by a visit to Tolstoy, at which he enlarged to her upon his primitive theory of regenerating the world by having every one perform with his own hands the labour necessary for the supply of his individual wants, and of her coming back to America resolved to devote two hours every day thereafter to working

in a Chicago bakery, on the assumption that that amount of labour would just about supply the essentials of her simple diet!

All these conceits, and a few others, born of an unwholesome habit of introspective self-analysis, she apparently outgrew as she came to a better balanced state of mind. At several she was able even to laugh soon after their occurrence. But they ought to have warned her against too ready an acceptance of any remedial nostrum with a plausible label. When Miss Boardman rebuked her for having, by an alliance with the Progressive party in 1912, arrayed the enginery of her prestige against Mr. Taft, who, as president of the Red Cross, stood for so much that she had advocated in behalf of humanity, the accuser may have been as super-sensitive on the one hand as the accused was over-zealous on the other; but it did startle many excellent people to notice what Miss Addams had let herself in for, and they are moved to wonder whither she will turn in 1916 if the Progressives desert their semi-detached allies in order to save themselves. Nor has it been forgotten that her views on lynching in the

South, as publicly uttered a few years ago, laid more than common stress upon the consideration that the crime charged against the negro victims richly deserved the punishment decreed for it. Although this was not, of itself, a plea for lawlessness, it was one of those expressions to which a worldly-wise person would have preferred not to give utterance at that particular juncture, when a carnival of violence was in progress.

The tendency of such a career as Miss Addams has had of late years is doubtless towards mental "all-overishness," if we may embalm in print a current colloquialism. Hull House is, and will always remain, a magnificent monument to its founder and chief promoter, and Miss Addams is still, except for a certain surface hardening due to contact with the larger world outside, the same vivid and interesting personality as in her comparative youth. What she has lost in the intensity of her appeal appears to have been sacrificed to an endeavour to do too much in too many alien and untried fields, with its incidental diffusion of her native force.

WASHINGTON, *February 3, 1916.*

HENRY WATTERSON

TWO prominent Democrats who were much in evidence four years ago seem more inclined to play the part of B'rer Rabbit in the present national campaign. George Harvey, from all accounts, is having a very good time as a spectator of the passing show, letting Mrs. Harvey do the political work for the family, though in opposition to his prime favourite of 1912, Woodrow Wilson. Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* while not opposing Wilson, explains his lack of effervescence by saying that "a man might wish to vote for another without being willing to sleep with him." Possibly the President, who has somewhat a fancy for playing a lone hand, is satisfied with Watterson's position, but he might have many a worse bedfellow; for, in spite of certain eccentricities over which his contemporaries chuckle now and then, he is a man of character and experience, a brilliant writer,

and famed as a hater of humbugs in politics. He used to go to all the Democratic national conventions, and it was a rare occasion when he was not captured by the committee on resolutions and induced to prepare at least an important part of the platform. Hence he was credited, for several years after the Convention of 1880 that nominated Hancock, with the authorship of its demand for a "tariff for revenue only," which became a party watchword; but he modestly disclaimed the honour, having actually opposed the use of the phrase till out-voted, not because he lacked sympathy with the principle it embodied, but because as an experienced forecaster he apprehended the use the Republicans could make of that particular language at that particular juncture. I never heard of his denying the paternity, however, of "the star-eyed Goddess of Reform," which for a time was almost as famous.

Watterson is less frequently seen on the lyceum stage now than when he was younger. At the time when he was most in demand, he used to suffer tortures from nervousness on facing an audience; but before he had proceeded far he would have every soul in the

hall in touch with him, and could move them as he chose, to laughter, to enthusiasm or to tears. Looking at him then, with his unimpressive stature, his stocky build, his short arms, his near-sighted eyes almost hidden beneath aggressive brows, you found yourself wondering whence all his reputed power could come. It was not till he got into full action that you realized that, in oratory as in journalism, the secret of his success lay in—temperament. Yes; and watching him, with his great shock of tawny grey hair rising as he swung his head and falling haphazard, his heavy moustache taking a rhythmic motion as his lips brought out word after word clean-cut and forceful, and his arms, not often called into play for gesture, but circling about him like spokes in a horizontal mill-wheel when they were: of what were you constantly kept reminded by association? Not of a delver at an editorial desk, or of a popular leader on a political rostrum, but of an artist at the piano! And this was no illusion, for Watterson began life as a musician. He studied under the best masters in Paris, and was expecting to go upon the stage, when an accident to one of his

thumbs put a summary end to this ambition. His closest companions for several years were professional musicians, Gottschalk and the Patti family being among them. His first essays in serious journalism were musical criticisms, and he can give you today as perfectly finished an article on the opera as on the news from the partisan battle-front.

It is one of the most interesting facts about Watterson that, though a hard fighter in his newspaper for any cause he has espoused, he contrives to carry on his warfare against what certain men stand for, without sacrificing the good-will of the men themselves. In any circle of mature Republicans, for instance, the mention of this life-long Democrat will call forth almost as cordial expressions as would be lavished upon a prominent member of their own party. No one can forget how, in the midst of a hostile environment, the courageous editor fought the battles of the enfranchised negroes against the white element who were denying them even decent recognition of their human claims. His great idol and exemplar in public life was Abraham Lincoln, and his chief mentor in journalism was Horace

Greeley. And all this was true in spite of his having passed a part of the Civil War period in the Confederate army as a chief of scouts, and another part editing the Chattanooga *Rebel.*

His contempt for political pretenders was illustrated in a series of articles which did much towards snuffing out the aspirations of David B. Hill as a Presidency-chaser; and when Bryan was nominated in 1896 he packed his trunk and sailed for Europe, leaving word for his partner to encourage the launching of another ticket, hopeless as it might be of victory, and then "letting the fools and the frauds have it out between themselves." He had already, in the autumn of 1895, predicted with some certainty what was coming, and addressed a bit of homely editorial advice to the little gang of cheap Democratic politicians who, for their own profit, were playing upon the ignorance of their mob-following by advocating the debasement of the currency: "They laugh best who laugh last. 'Free silver' may be a good dog, but 'I told you so' is a better. Heed it, you jabberwocks, heed it! The tail may wag the dog in Persia and India

and China and Mexico and Peru, but it never has done it in these United States and it never will. Run, you jabberwocks, run!"

The jabberwocks scoffed at his advice, and their party went out of power for sixteen long years as a consequence. They discovered too late that Watterson as an interpreter of omens was not a person to be lightly ignored.

WASHINGTON, *October 12, 1916.*

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN

MANY newspaper readers have thought it strange, in view of the recent revival of memories of Abraham Lincoln, to see so little mention anywhere of his surviving son; for Robert Todd Lincoln is a prominent citizen of Chicago and an officer of several corporations, including the Pullman Company, in which he has been the most conspicuous figure since the death of its founder. The reticence of the press is due chiefly to his intense distaste for needless publicity. For one thing, he is philosopher enough to appreciate the disadvantages of the inevitable popular comparison between a distinguished father and his offspring. In a case where the father had almost ceased to be remembered as a man and come to be worshipped like a demi-god, the disagreeable side of all this would, of course, have been intensified; and the tragic end of the War President, and the unconscionable liberties later

taken with his family by the professional gossip-mongers, were a further influence in the same direction. Since his administration as Secretary of War in the Cabinets of Garfield and Arthur, and his comings and goings as our Minister to England under Harrison, Washington has seen comparatively little of Robert Lincoln, though he is so well remembered at the capital that every item of news about him brought in by visitors from Chicago finds a circle of interested listeners.

Outside of personal considerations, Mr. Lincoln has an especial claim upon the notice of all Americans for the share he unconsciously bore in making his father President. Abraham Lincoln, realizing what a handicap it was to a man with ambitions for the broader walks of public service to be acquainted with the people and the social atmosphere of only one section of the country, was resolved that his children should know the East not less well than the West, and to that end marked young Robert for Harvard University. The boy had had some preliminary training in the branches required for his entrance examination, but not enough, and by the advice of

several respected friends he was sent to finish his preparatory studies at the Phillips Academy in Exeter, N. H. The course there was pretty severe, and his father thought it might be well, if opportunity offered, to pay him a visit in term time.

The name of Abraham Lincoln was already fairly familiar to the people of the East through the newspaper reports of his stump debates with Stephen A. Douglas, and, besides, he had received next to the highest vote for Vice-President in the convention that launched the Fremont ticket. He was generally reputed to be a fascinating speaker, notwithstanding his awkward presence, and a great many people were curious to see him. It so happened that Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, was conducting a course of popular lectures in the winter of 1859-60, and it occurred to the committee in charge that Lincoln might prove an attraction. Their offer of two hundred dollars for a single appearance, coupled with a hint that other lyceums near by might also like to have him, was promptly accepted, as it presented the possibility of a visit to his son with all expenses paid; his sole condition was that he

should be allowed to speak on a political subject of his own choosing. Some of the church members appear to have entertained a belated misgiving on this head, as Mr. Beecher was doing a good deal in the same line himself. The Young Men's Central Republican Union of New York, however, stepped in at this juncture and took the contract off the church's hands, and on February 27, 1860, in Cooper Union, Mr. Lincoln faced an audience different from any he had ever before addressed; it was made up mostly of substantial citizens who could not have been induced to attend an ordinary political rally, a large proportion being ladies.

He chose for his text an extract from one of Douglas's speeches denying the right of the Federal authority to control the question of slavery in the Territories, in spite of the fact that it controlled all other governmental matters there. Taking Douglas's own arguments and turning them back upon themselves, he so riddled them with his logic that the audience burst frequently into applause and laughter, and the leading newspapers the next morning pronounced him the most convincing orator

New York had ever heard on the slavery question. Forthwith began to pour in upon him demands that he should visit this and that point in New England on his way to or from Exeter. Up to that time the New Englanders had been somewhat prejudiced against the newcomer in politics because he hailed from what they regarded as a very raw and uncultured region and was himself said to be shockingly uncouth; and with men of so much higher type among their neighbours, why should they go so far afield for a candidate at the coming election?

But after his trip to Exeter there was practically nothing left of this feeling. Wherever he spoke on that journey, the echoes of his visit continued ringing down to the time of the meeting of the Chicago Convention. On the first ballot for a Presidential candidate New England gave him 19 votes, on the second 32, on the third 42, and then rushed in to help make the nomination unanimous. And to the steadfast loyalty and earnest work of his new friends from "Down East," won on that memorable trip to see his son Robert, he owed a

generous share of the credit for the turn of the tide against his rival, Seward.

During his residence in Washington and abroad, Robert Lincoln was regarded as a rather handsome man of the strictly worldly type; he has never borne in his face or frame any strong resemblance to his father. His countenance lacks the spiritual light which made the War President's so lustrous in spite of its ugliness of mould. His features are heavier, and his body inclines to ponderousness as he grows old. His manner is polite, but not sociable, and he has none of the magnetism which made his father the central human figure of an era.

WASHINGTON, *August 12, 1917.*

LESLIE M. SHAW

THAT was a characteristic contrast between two men which was revealed by the newspapers in recording, on the same day, subscriptions to the Liberty Loan by ex-Secretary Bryan of $1,000 and by ex-Secretary Shaw of $10,000. It was not the first time they had widely differed on the question of sustaining the public credit. In the year when Bryan was making his whirlwind campaign through the West, soliciting votes for the Presidency on the strength of the free-silver-coinage millstone he had hung about the neck of his party, Shaw was making his mark by standing stiff for a dollar worth one hundred cents, and forcing people to listen to the arguments for honest dealing. Fortunately, not only his State but the whole country eventually sided with him, and the day was saved.

Leslie Mortier Shaw is one of the "Eastern men with Western characteristics" with whom Chauncey Depew once classed Roosevelt.

Like Roosevelt, he owes his career partly to accident. Born and reared on his father's farm in Vermont, he had never travelled farther than perhaps the next county; but, being called upon, towards the end of his course at the local academy, to write a "piece" to read before an audience of his neighbours, he chose for his subject "The Great West," and drew his material from various books and pamphlets within his reach. The research this involved stirred his ambition to see the wonderful country he was describing; so, having an uncle who was a farmer in Iowa, he presently packed his small belongings and started for that State. It happened that a country college was near enough to his uncle's farm to enable him to attend it, and he worked his way through by farm labour during term time and peddling nursery stock about the surrounding district in vacations. His college course decided him to study law; but after his admission to the bar another idea seized him. Back in Vermont he had often heard the more well-to-do people complain that they could get so little income from their investments in their own region; in rural Iowa, on the other hand, the farmers

were complaining that they had to pay extortionate rates of interest to neighbouring banks for every loan they obtained on mortgage security. Why, then, wondered young Shaw, should not the two classes be brought together, so that the Eastern lenders could get better returns and the Western borrowers more reasonable rates of interest, and the fellow who stood between them a comfortable commission for his services? The thought was father to the deed, and in a comparatively little while the two parties were enjoying the change, and he was the commission man in the middle.

His system proved an abundant success, and was in full swing when the free-silver coinage epidemic swept over the West. Shaw read in it the doom of the structure he had so industriously built up, unless it could be checked in time. Bryan, fresh from the temporary triumph of his "cross of gold" speech, was galloping through Iowa, and came to the town where Shaw was living. Shaw heard him, realized the plausibility of his plea for silver, and felt deeply his own ignorance of the ramifications of the subject and his inexperience in argumentative speaking outside of a court.

But he gathered all the financial literature he could, shut himself up through most of his spare hours in a little room in the basement of his house, and bent to the task of answering Bryan. A local meeting gave him the opportunity of trying his speech "on a dog," as the actors say, and he woke the next morning to find himself famous. From that moment till election day he had barely an hour to himself, so persistently did invitations pour in from all parts of the State; but when the returns were announced, and Iowa was found in the sound-money column with a plurality of more than sixty-five thousand to her credit, the one remark heard on every side in the camp of the victors was: "Next year we elect a Governor, and Leslie Shaw has nominated himself by his work this fall."

It was while he was Governor that he met Roosevelt, who, running for Vice-President on the McKinley ticket, passed through Iowa on a stumping tour. Shaw, as an act of courtesy, joined him on his journey through the State, and, with his ingenuity, his quaint ways, his good stories, and his bottomless fund of humour, quite captivated the candidate. On

succeeding McKinley in the Presidency, Roosevelt asked Gage to remain at the head of the Treasury, but Gage, who was used to a more conservative and moderate-paced chief, feared that they might not get along together for a protracted pull and insisted on retiring after a few months. Instantly, the thought of Shaw's brilliant fight for sound money recurred to the President mind, and Shaw was called to the Secretaryship. The rest of his life-story is too much in the ordinary vein to call for recital here.

Every Cabinet officer is remembered in Washington for certain peculiarities, personal or official. Those most commonly associated with Shaw have to do with his whitened hair and moustache, his surplus toe on each foot, his habit of fumbling at some article of dress on the man he is talking to at close range, and his manner of parrying unwelcome questions. An offer he once received, and was considering, of a site for a public building, disturbed the real estate agents a good deal, for they could not ascertain the price demanded, which might sharply affect the prices set on other land near by. One broker, who believed he

could worm out the facts by indirection, sought Shaw at the Treasury. "Have you closed yet with Smith for his lot, Mr. Secretary?" he inquired, innocently.

"Not yet," answered Shaw, without looking up from a letter he was writing.

"What does he ask for it?"

"About twice as much as it's worth."

Here was an opening at last.

"And what do you consider it worth, Mr. Secretary?"

"About one-half what he asks for it."

Not till the discomfited broker turned to leave did the Secretary let his eyes stray from the paper before him, and then it was only to look after the retreating figure with a shrewd smile of satisfaction.

WASHINGTON, *September 6, 1917.*

EMMA GOLDMAN

RECENT events in Petrograd and Kronstadt must have brought rare comfort to the soul of Emma Goldman, prophetess of anarchy—the real article, warranted one hundred per cent. pure, name stamped on every package. Born in Russia and educated in Germany, she enjoyed during her girlhood exceptional opportunities for studying autocracy of various brands, and apparently conceived the stronger liking for the Russian sort, as offering the widest scope for fomenting rebellion. In the United States, whither she came with relatives as a young woman, she first emerged from obscurity in 1893, when she was arrested on a charge of inciting to riot by a speech made at a gathering of habitual malcontents in Union Square, New York. The judge who presided at her trial stretched consideration to the utmost limit in giving her the advantage of every favouring technicality, but the case was so clear that the

jury was unanimous on the first ballot for conviction, and she was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

The trial served to bring out in a most illuminating way her vagaries on various subjects, including the facts that she was an atheist and a disbeliever in all government and law, divine or human; that her pet hobby was that the rich are the oppressors of the poor, and the ultimate cause of all the suffering and crime in the world, against which the poor are justified in revolting; that she did not personally believe in violence or robbery except where necessary, and that she would leave the question of necessity to every one's individual judgment, not even using her influence to prevent pillage; that she was married, though to whom was nobody's business but her own; that she had been living with Alexander Berkman shortly before his attempt to assassinate Henry C. Frick, and, though she had not publicly approved of that act, she "sympathized with Mr. Berkman for his courage"—whatever that may have meant; and that her mission in life was to make the poor understand that the better-off are accountable for their

poverty, and thus to promote the social revolution. The proceedings in court were handled, like those in the case of Guiteau in Washington a dozen years before, so as to let the accused give free vent to her craving for self-exploitation, and thus show every one exactly what she was.

Since quitting the penitentiary she has been arrested repeatedly, but—thanks to the benignity of the laws she denounces and the impartiality of the courts she derides—with no results more permanent than follow the spasmodic warfare of the householder upon flies and roaches: with every relaxation she has returned to her rantings, refreshed in body and spirit by her brief rest. Snubs such as she received when she attended, uninvited, a meeting of striking garment-makers and they refused to let her address them, seem to leave no scars on her egotism; but this is scarcely wonderful when a Congregational minister in one city turns over his church to her to lecture in, and a Society of Mayflower Descendants in another makes her its chief guest at a reception. An incident which did disturb her composure for a while was a threatened prosecu-

tion, in 1901, for advising the assassination of President McKinley. Czolgosz had confessed that it was her teachings which had fired his brain with the idea of killing the President, and she admitted that he had attended one of her lectures and been so impressed by it that he had hunted her up afterward to make her acquaintance. She was released presently, however, because there was no direct proof that she had been a conscious party to any plot actually to murder the man whom she reviled, while he lay on his dying bed, as "the most insignificant ruler the country ever had," with "neither wit nor intelligence."

Most newspaper readers are so accustomed to thinking of Emma Goldman as simply a human firebrand that it is hard to make them realize that by calling she is a dressmaker and a trained nurse. She is a small, wiry woman, about fifty years old, who might be passed anywhere in a crowd without notice. Her sharp black eyes, intense expression and rather coarse mouth have nothing distinctive about them at the first glance, though they become more significant with familiarity; and her eyeglasses, framed in part by sharply marked

brows, give her an air of active mentality which is lacking in some others of her general type. Her face is too symmetrical to be classed as that of a natural "crank," but you have only to talk with her for five minutes in order to discover how strong an appeal the theatrical side of social chaos makes to her. Smiles she reserves mostly for sneering purposes; but once her sense of humour was touched so unexpectedly that she had to control her laughter, though the blood mounted to her forehead in tell-tale fashion. This was when, after delivering a diatribe on the way poverty drove men to crime, she became deeply interested in the case of a man arrested for petty larceny. He looked like a chronic down-and-outer, and the complaint against him was that he had robbed a poor woman of her purse containing twenty-five cents. His defence was that he needed the money to get a night's lodging. Questions drew from him the statement that a bed cost him ten or fifteen cents a night. Miss Goldman was bending forward, her eyes burning, her mouth fixed; here was an exhibit worth having of what poverty would drive a man to—an illustration perfectly fitted to the

gospel she had just been promulgating. Then the prosecutor sprang a surprise. Producing the contents found in the prisoner's pocket, he spread before the jury a handful of change.

"What did you want of this poor woman's quarter when you had all this money already?" he demanded. The fellow looked contemptuous.

"It was only seventy-eight cents!" he snorted.

That ended the case for the court. It ceased also to interest Miss Goldman as an illustration direct from life.

WASHINGTON, *June 28, 1917.*

WILLIAM J. BURNS

WILLIAM JOHN BURNS, whose recent activities in the Seymour case in New York have kept him "head-lined" in the newspapers there, is well known in Washington, where for several years he was a member of the Secret Service detailed for special work. It would be hard to find a man with less outward resemblance to the Old Sleuth of the detective stories. His face, though not so large and smiling as ex-President Taft's, suggests it strongly in the lines radiating in all directions from the nose. His frame is powerful, he has a double chin, and his girth is full without being excessive. His eyes are light, symmetrically set, steady of gaze, but not piercing; and temperamentally he strikes you as well poised, never giving way to undue enthusiasms, and equally avoiding aloofness.

There is no single key to the secret of Burns's success, which has as many phases as the wind. First, he makes it so rigid a rule

to take nothing for granted that I venture to say, if the trial of a forgery, for instance, seemed to lead into the White House, not even the President could escape scrutiny. Again, he works up a case as a student commonly prepares a thesis, looking over his ground with the utmost thoroughness, settling upon a definite assumption of fact, and then marshalling every occurrence, tradition, argument, guess, or theory which can be made to pay tribute to it. Also, he is absolutely tireless in body and mind and contemptuous of anything which gets in his way, especially of the conventional proprieties where they threaten to shield a suspect whom he is after. Finally, he does not attempt a capture till he feels sure that he has got his quarry past the possibility of escape. Of course, he is liable to mistakes like other human beings; but the multitude and magnitude of his unequivocal successes have led the public to presume the guilt of any one upon whom he pounces at the end of his painstaking pursuit.

Whoever believes that "crooks" are born, and not made, will quarrel with the notion cherished by Burns that the best of us will

bear watching, and that no absolute assurance can be drawn from an apparently spotless past career. I have been present on more than one occasion when he has put a man of supposed virtuous character through the closest ordeal. This consists of being seated in a private room, face to face with Burns, alone or in the presence of perhaps one other person who is supposed to know the details of the case, and questioned. Burns, satisfied that he has caught his man, gives him a chance to confess. If he does not yield at once, Burns inquires why he does not, and perhaps proceeds to reason with him as to the practical wisdom of clearing his conscience without further delay. If that fails, Burns seems to be pointed towards his next move by the emotional symptoms of the suspect. Bravado he meets with a manner which shows very plainly that it is thrown away on him. Evasion draws from him volley after volley of stinging interrogatories: "Now tell me, what first tempted you to do this?" "Can you pretend that you did not know better than to do such a thing?" "Come—out with it!—you thought it wasn't *very* bad, didn't you?" "Have you ever done anything of this sort before?" And so on and

on, till the squirming fellow inadvertently blurts out an answer which will bear only one construction, and is therefore equivalent to an admission of guilt. After that, the rest is comparatively easy.

Naturally, the greatest difficulty is experienced where the suspect shows neither effrontery nor weakness, but calmly answers the questions put to him and waits for more. Such instances are rare, and usually the man with the unshifting mien of innocence, if really guilty, will be betrayed by some glance, or intonation of voice, or request for repetition, which, however faint in itself, telegraphs its confirmatory message to the sensitive intelligence of the inquisitor. In short, it is his own wits, pitted against the nerves of his victims, in which Burns reposes his trust, rather than on physical force. He scorns the revolver habit, and goes boldly in among the criminals he is studying with his brain always alert, but his pockets empty of weapons. The professional evil-doers know this; yet his despisal of danger and the cocksure resolution with which he sets about his work constitute a safeguard as effective as a portable arsenal.

Burns, who is now about fifty-five years old, began life as an assistant in his father's tailor-shop in Columbus, O. The father, active in the city's public affairs, happened to be made Police Commissioner. William, who had always taken a boy's interest in mystery stories, came thus into contact with the local detective force, and one day criticized its method of going at a particularly involved case. The elder Burns chuckled somewhat at these comments.

"So you think you could do the job better than my men?" he asked, with amusement.

"I know I could," was the lad's instant answer.

To prove his confidence, he went at the case himself, caught his man, and brought him in. From that hour his calling has been unquestioned.

WASHINGTON, *July 13, 1916.*

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

WHILE battle-lines in the European war are doing their fighting on orders communicated by telephone from airships, it is natural that the name of Alexander Graham Bell should be on the lips of every well-read visitor to Washington, his career having been so largely associated with the transmission of the human voice by wire and with aerial navigation.

Dr. Bell is the typical Scotchman in appearance, speech and manner. His broad face, framed in a mass of white hair which rises in a great shock above his brow and stands out around his jaws and chin like the unbroken mane of a lion, prepares you for the rattling burr that adds piquancy to whatever he says. He is a man whom you would describe as big rather than large, and the adjective applies to everything about him—his height, his shoulders, his hands, his carriage. I was going to add his voice, but that might

convey a false impression: for, though his lungs are as leonine as his head, his long research in the field of vocal phenomena has cultivated in him a soft mode of speaking, with the most varied range of inflexions and an enunciation which is as clear as the stroke of a crystal clock. You are not surprised, after conversing with him, to learn that he began his career as a teacher of elocution and music, and that his first ambition was to become a famous composer.

Indeed, it was originally from his musical studies that he derived the suggestion of the telephone; for his analysis of the principles underlying differences of pitch in the human voice led to other investigations in phonetics, in the course of which he came upon the discovery of Helmholtz that vowel sounds could be reproduced by vibrating metal. The question arose at once in his mind: "If vowel sounds can be thus artificially transmitted, why not consonants also?" And with this began the methodical procession of tests which, reinforced by discoveries made by others in the same and related lines of inquiry, resulted in the telephone, and brought the remotest

ends of the earth, to all intents, within speaking distance of each other. In the conquest of the air he has taken the same strides as in the enterprises more closely linked with his name. His experiments have been pretty carefully protected from public curiosity, but apparently have proceeded upon the basis of producing a burden-bearing dirigible kite, rather than the cigar-shaped balloons or the mechanical birds which have captured the world's fancy during the last few years.

Naturally, the student of phonetics became interested in the relief of deafness. His father, Alexander Melville Bell, beginning life as a professor of elocution, by degrees evolved a system of universal speech, whereby any person with the normal equipment of vocal organs, whether able to hear or not, could be taught to produce at will every variety of sound and articulation of which a human being is capable. This led directly to the theory of a visible speech—that is, the possibility of enabling one person, with fair eyesight and intelligence, to read, from the motions of the lips, tongue, teeth, and throat of another, the words and sentences which

these organs are forming, regardless of whether any sound is actually uttered or not. From this, again, it was but a step to a system of audible speech by a person who is dumb, provided only that his muteness is not due to the absence of essential organs.

Alexander Graham Bell, as his father's assistant, acquired not only his mastery of his subject, but his enthusiasm as well, and ever since coming to this country in 1870 has devoted time, thought, and means most generously to the improvement of the condition of deaf mutes. He married a Miss Hubbard, who had lost both speech and hearing as the sequel to an illness of her childhood, and who became his most successful pupil. She is able to carry on a conversation by studying the face of her companion, and making audible responses which she cannot hear herself. Dr. Bell has weekly social gatherings at his house during the winter season, at which scientists, inventors, explorers, literary men, and other persons who "do things" come together to talk over whatever is new and striking in their several fields of endeavour; and one of the familiar sights on these occasions is Mrs. Bell

listening to a speaker, either—if he be a distant enunciator who keeps his face turned in her direction—by reading his remarks with her eyes, or getting what he says at second hand through its silent repetition by her husband sitting by her side.

A recent philanthropic enterprise of Dr. Bell was interrupted by the outbreak of the European war and the mutual estrangement of the nations engaged in it. He has been for some years trying to induce our Government to promote an international agreement on a universal alphabet—that is, a union of all the peoples of the world in the use of one series of letters representative of sounds which shall be the same everywhere, so that any person who knows his own written language can read and write and pronounce all other written languages, not necessarily understanding them, but with the ability to convey the words to another person. A first step in this program, of course, would be the establishment of a uniform and fixed relation of visible symbols to sounds in our English tongue, so that, for instance, "cough" will not be pronounced "cow" because "plough" is pronounced "plow." It

is hoped that when the world's peace is fully restored, Dr. Bell will resume this effort towards a better understanding among all mankind.

WASHINGTON, *October 7, 1915.*

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

THE recent agitation over the infliction of the death penalty upon the leaders of the Irish insurrection, and the discussion of the probable fate of Sir Roger Casement, must have had a peculiar reminiscent savour for a prominent citizen of Massachusetts who spends so much of his time at the capital that he is commonly reckoned a Washingtonian. The interesting feature of the case of John Hays Hammond is that he was condemned to die for a revolutionary plot which he not only did not take part in, but publicly discountenanced.

Hammond has had a remarkable career. Born in San Francisco about sixty-one years ago, educated at the Sheffield Scientific School and at the Royal School of Mines in Freiburg, he early made gold-mining his specialty. Although in engineering circles he was very well known and highly regarded, the general public first became acquainted with him in

1894, when accounts of his success in British South Africa began to drift into the leading newspapers of this country. These stories furnished a fresh illustration of how fortune often favours the right sort of young American who, instead of moving westward with the sun, reverses the usual trend of migration and goes back to the Old World to teach it a few modern methods. Count Rumford, Junius Morgan, George Peabody, and others had already tried this reversal and found it worth while.

Some of his mining investigations in Mexico had brought Hammond into contact with English explorers and investors, and through this opening he was invited by one of the companies that were exploiting South Africa to go thither in its employ. He had not been long in his new environment before he attracted the attention of Cecil Rhodes, who offered him the management of the rich gold properties of the British South Africa Company, at a rate of compensation which he was permitted to name himself, and which made the salary of the President of the United States look anæmic. But Rhodes was ambitious not

only to develop wealth, but to build up a political empire, and in a very short time Hammond became interested in the public affairs of the region, as a member of a Reform Committee whose aim was to bring about a more just and intelligent administration of the local government in dealing with the outsiders who had come in there to improve the country industrially. Having failed to effect any substantial results, and conditions becoming continually less and less tolerable, the Committee appealed to their British friends in an adjoining state to come to their rescue. The appeal was interpreted to mean armed intervention, and Dr. Leander Jameson gathered his followers and made the now historic raid into the Dutch domain. It was a foolish blunder, as Jameson has since declared, and, as he added, deserved the failure that overtook it. But its most serious personal consequences fell upon four conspicuous members of the Reform Committee, including Hammond, who were promptly arrested and tried for sedition. They pleaded guilty in the hope of obtaining clemency from the court, but without avail, and all four were sentenced to death.

Hammond, who had no sympathy with the spirit of the raid and had boldly rebuked such manifestations as he had witnessed among the Englishmen with whom he was thrown, had so large a circle of friends in this country that the news of his impending fate aroused a storm of protest here. The members of both houses of Congress united in a letter to President Krueger of the Transvaal Republic, praying for a pardon, and from other influential American sources followed letters, memorials and resolutions in the same tenor. They moved Krueger a good deal, for he was a shrewd old fellow and had enough knowledge of the world to realize what such a demonstration meant. His executive council, however, was made up of stolid, narrow-visioned burghers who could see nothing in his arguments till he quietly laid down his trump card.

"These men, when they are dead," said he, "will be of no more use to us than the soil they are buried in. If we let them live, we can trade with them and make money."

His words gave his associates pause till they could weigh these considerations against each

other. When they finally came to a vote, the advocates of mercy had a majority of just one. Krueger proved his case when the sentences of death were reduced to periods of imprisonment during which every civilized luxury the unfortunates procured cost them a fancy price, and later, when the four were pardoned on payment of fines that placed an aggregate of a half-million dollars in the Transvaal treasury.

South Africa largely lost its charm for Hammond after this experience, and he concluded that Yankeeland was good enough for him. But he could not keep away from politics, and has had a hand in all the chief activities of the Republican party since he came back, including what he thinks was a narrow escape from the Vice-Presidential nomination when Taft ran for re-election. He has also had the distinction of being used as the hero of a story by Richard Harding Davis. He is still the short, stockily built, direct-mannered man his old friends have always called "Jack," has lost nothing of his keenness of scent for an outcropping of auriferous ore, and retains the habit of reaching for his

fishing-tackle when he wishes to go off somewhere and do a little quiet thinking.

WASHINGTON, *August 10, 1916.*

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

Is this Dr. Wiley,
They speak of so highly?
Is this Dr. Wiley, of whom we've heard tell?

YES, if you are looking at a man standing six feet plus in heelless slippers, with other dimensions in proportion, a merry round face and plenty of black hair, who can crack a joke on any subject—including himself—or name and classify the ingredients of any compound you bring him, from a canned potpie to a bottle of dyspepsia bitters: that's he. Hear him talk. He'll tell the housewife how to cook her viands so as to get the most nourishment for the least outlay, and her husband what wine may be drunk and what tobacco smoked without unduly poisoning the system. And when it is remembered that, though nearly seventy-two years old, he is a benedict of only five years' standing and the father of a nice little family, there is no escaping the inference that here is

a prophet who practises on himself what he preaches to others. Wiley declares that he belongs to the Hundred-Years-Old Club, every member of which takes a pledge, on joining, to live a whole century or consign his memory to everlasting disgrace. To all appearance he is keeping in good and regular standing, and without resort to benzoate of soda or any other familiar preservative. More than that, he intimates that he has profited by his own experience, and has resolved that his first-born son, Harvey, Jr., shall not waste a like amount of his life in celibacy; for he formally betrothed the lad, at the interesting age of one week, to the attractive baby daughter of a brother scientist.

It is needless to say to the readers of the daily newspapers that Harvey Washington Wiley is the champion who for a whole generation, sometimes alone and sometimes at the head of a corps of recruits, has defied all comers in the defence of our American pure-food stronghold; anybody who forgets the fact has only to wait a little, and his memory will be jogged—if by no one else, by Wiley himself, and Wiley will take his oath to it if necessary.

When he cannot find a dealer in drugs who has been putting "dope" into an ostensibly honest compound, he will stride off, bludgeon in hand, to hunt up some recreant dealer in foods who has been preserving his "new-laid eggs" with boric acid, or the distiller of a novel "blend" in whiskey. And if times are dull, and all such resources fail him, he will call for volunteers for a "poison squad," and put a number of adventurous and public-spirited youths upon an exclusive diet of viands which he has publicly denounced as unfit for human consumption, so as to take notes of the phenomena thus induced, by way of reinforcing his denunciation with horrible examples.

I have referred to Wiley as a prophet, and it is no mere figure of speech. He is never at a loss for a prophecy, though he realizes the precarious character of the forecasting habit continually indulged. When Fletcherism was at the height of its popularity, it was he who doused it with cold water by assuring the world that the coming man would bolt his meat foods unmasticated; and he scorned to answer the critic who wanted to know what

to do with a ham sandwich. On another occasion he announced in an address: "We are rapidly approaching a state of affairs in this country when we shall be facing a mob in the streets instead of justice in a court of law." On the last day of February, 1912, he asserted with vehemence that he should not resign his office as chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, but walked out only fifteen days later. As recently as 1904, being bald himself, he proceeded to prophesy that within a very few years the whole human race would be both hairless and toothless; but, chancing to go about bareheaded in the open air for a while, and thus letting the sun's rays reach his smothered scalp, he fatally discredited this prediction by raising a fresh crop of raven locks.

He seems to have been a "kicker" from early days. As a young man he held a scientific professorship in an Indiana university, and was overhauled by the trustees because they deemed his non-attendance at morning chapel impious, and his love of riding a bicycle and playing baseball with the students

undignified. After he had explained his reasons for these offences, the board was ready to drop the matter; but he was not, and bade the institution farewell, to come to Washington and take the position he held for nearly thirty years. In the Department of Agriculture he was famous for stirring up shortcomings which most of his contemporaries were willing to ignore, and for the way he always hit back when interfered with.

Wiley confesses the authorship of manifold literary contributions to science, which range from the liveliness of a volume of lyrics to the severity of a treatise on "Principles and Practice," and include sixty Government bulletins and between two and three hundred miscellaneous monographs. This array indicates that he is a good deal of a writer as well as a good deal of a talker. Some critics, indeed, accuse him of aspiring to be always in evidence. But he consoles himself for such animadversions with the reflection that the true crusader's post is not in the closet but in the market-place. And doubtless it is true that, for a reformer of his type and temperament,

his methods are more effective than any which could be forced upon him by the conventions that govern the conduct of men cast in a different mould.

WASHINGTON, *July 27, 1916.*

SAMUEL GOMPERS

BY keeping him so continually in the public eye as an industrial oracle, the European war has given one resident of Washington the time of his life. This is Samuel Gompers, cigar-maker, agitator, diplomatist, and president of the Federation of Labor. Nothing pleases him more than such publicity, for it is a valuable asset in his business. He has used it for years, with an effect undreamed of by people who do not come into hostile contact with him: witness his successful fight to procure immunity for labour unions under the Anti-Trust law. Congress dares not take a step which touches the labour question at its remotest edge without consulting Gompers. A former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, hoping to train some of his wards into a habit of self-support and teach them the value of a dollar, prepared plans for a series of public improvements on certain reservations—building roads, bridges, store-

houses, etc.—on which he was to use Indian labour at the current rates of pay; but, as most of his red workingmen had to come a long distance from home, it was found that an eight-hour day would not answer, so a ten-hour day, with only five working days in the week, was substituted. Some pettifogger protested to the Secretary of the Interior that this arrangement violated the statute limiting to eight hours the working day of all labourers and mechanics employed on Government work. The Commissioner, therefore, proposed to procure an amendment making the statute inapplicable to work done by Indians on their own reservations for their own benefit. When he brought this measure before one of the appropriate committees of Congress, the first question put to him was: "Have you seen Gompers?"

There was no help for it. See Gompers, or drop the subject. Gompers, accordingly, was seen. He vetoed the project at once. It availed not to point out to him that the local conditions were so unusual as to compel a resort to unusual methods; that the Indians were interfering with no other labourers,

since, unless the work were done by them, it would be left undone; or that the work was not Government work in the sense intended by the law, being charitable and educational only. A great principle was involved, Gompers declared in oratorical tones, and nothing, however philanthropic, could be permitted to get in its way. So the officer who had pocketed his pride so far as to plead as a favour for what the Government should have demanded as a right, had to abandon his enterprise, and the Indians, who had enjoyed the bare beginnings of a new life, lapsed back into comparative idleness.

In this incident we may read a fair measure of Gompers's intelligence, if we have not already read it in his appearance. Note his big head, heavy foreign features, and stumpy frame. His face is as hard as a mask, his voice has nothing winsome in it, his manner is forbidding. We can hardly be surprised at learning that in the financial struggle of the early nineties he was on the side of independent free coinage of silver by the United States, or that he found not a little to commend in Coxey's program of economic reforms. He

has always opposed compulsory arbitration as a remedy for industrial troubles, lest it "might react dangerously against the progress of organized labour," which "has too slender means at its command to indulge in dubious experiments." One of the worst mistakes he has made in all his life was his failure to advertise these theories when the ill-fated boycotts were declared against the Bucks Stove & Range Company and the Danbury hatters, or when the dynamite squad headed by John J. McNamara—for whom Gompers vouched as a worthy citizen—undertook their murderous campaign of terrorism a few years ago.

To do Gompers justice, his most conspicuous faults are probably due more to his slow perception of relations and issues which most persons apprehend by instinct, than to deliberate obduracy. In spite of his hard-handed creed, he is not personally a man of violence. I do not recall any instance where he has resorted, in his industrial warfare, to the German submarine practice of firing without warning. He condemns mercilessly the methods of the I. W. W. Whether he would become a Socialist of the advanced type if that

offered the only opening for his work for labour reform, it is hard to say—perhaps he would. For the present, however, he sees no need of revolutionizing the whole structure of society in order to make life more comfortable for the wage-earner; the existing organization, based on the competitive idea, seems to him to fit human nature better than any novel scheme of things evolved from mere ratiocination without the support of common experience.

Gompers is of Dutch ancestry, but was himself born in England. This is undoubtedly what makes him feel so competent to teach Americans the way of industrial salvation. He combines in his vocabulary a pretty fair assortment of several languages spoken by our immigrant labourers, so as to be able to make himself understood by almost any restless audience he is called to address on his favourite topic. The perfume of the cigars which he smokes very steadily, when contrasted with the neatness of their wrappers, indicates that his eye is more highly cultivated than his taste.

WASHINGTON, *September 23, 1915.*

TERENCE V. POWDERLY

THE failure of Gompers to refresh his wilted prestige as a politician by carrying Maine for the Democrats must have given a thrill of real satisfaction to one man in Washington who used to be as constantly in the glare of the footlights as Gompers is today, but of late years has been only dimly discernible in the shadows of the background. This is Terence Vincent Powderly, once General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, now chief of a division in the Bureau of Immigration, which is performing an obscure but useful function in steering immigrants to the parts of the United States where they ought to go. Gompers's recent self-exploitation in connection with the threatened railway strike recalled to the memories of many old-timers a great strike of thirty years ago, from the ruinous effects of which the Missouri Pacific Railway, previously a fine property, has not yet recovered.

The quarrel started with the discharge of an employé of the car-shops in Marshall, Tex., who belonged to the Knights, and, as that organization ramified widely through the country, a period of unrest and violence everywhere followed. Strikes for an eight-hour day occurred in all sorts of industries, and in Chicago a mob numbering eight thousand attacked the McCormick Reaper Works so savagely that the police were powerless to disperse it without killing several persons. The next night came the Haymarket riot, with its tragic aftermath, which dampened for a little the virulence of the professional agitators. All through the Missouri Pacific struggle Powderly was the dominant figure; and peaceful shareholders, opening their newspapers every morning, were wont to turn first to the column headed with his name in thick black letters, to see what chance they still had of getting back any of the savings they had invested in the road.

Jay Gould was president of the company, and when Congress presently undertook to investigate the matters in controversy, and subpœnaed Gould and Powderly simultane-

ously to testify at a committee hearing, the contrast between the two men was a fascinating study. Powderly, an alert, nimble-witted citizen of Irish descent, of full man's stature and stockily built, blond in type, with a ruddy complexion, a heavy, drooping moustache, and the faintest possible suggestion of an ancestral brogue, sat on one side of the long table, faced from the opposite side by Gould, an undersized, weasel-like man, whose colourless countenance was half-hidden by its frame of dark hair, moustache and full beard, and whose shrewd, uncertain little eyes peered forth from beneath awning brows. The manners of the antagonists were about as unlike as one might expect from looking into their faces. Powderly was smooth, complacent, voluble. To all appearance, he wished to give the committee not only every bit of information it desired, but a trifle more for good measure. Gould was wary, furtive, non-committal, except on a few points where his deepest-seated vanities were stirred. He acted much as a man might who had found himself, without his own seeking, in the midst of a camp of deadly foes, and was not entirely sure

which one of them had drawn the lot to butcher him. When a question was put to Powderly, he answered boldly, in a full voice, often with a gesture, of which a telling part was bringing his open palm down upon the table; and every time he did this, Gould, whose answers were pried out of him piecemeal and in a smothered tone, looked as if he were going to jump. The spectacle was one which nobody who witnessed it will ever forget, and derives some historic value from being, perhaps, the first in that national temple of inquisition where Labour with a big L, and Corporate Capital with a big double-C, confronted each other officially at so close quarters.

Powderly once explained to me how he came to leave the trade union to which, as a machinist, he originally belonged, and join the Knights of Labor. As I remember it, some emergency set him to ruminating on the selfish side of unionism, every union looking out as it does for number one—in other words, for the particular trade from which it is recruited. The Knights, on the other hand, had for their basic idea the community of interest

of all manual workers. Anything, for instance, which puts a lot of machinists out of employment affects the miners also, and the foundry hands, because less coal and iron are needed for the machine-shops; the spinners, the weavers, the garment-makers, the operatives in the shoe-factories, the millers' men, the employés of the packinghouses and canneries, because the machinists' families have less to spend on food and clothing; and so on through the industrial chapter, the prosperity of every trade depending on the prosperity of other trades. A realization of this fact tends, he argued, to prevent strikes for foolish reasons. It also affords a logical ground for making common cause among a number of trades when trouble does come. Possibly his views were never better illustrated than by his own declaration, widely published during his era of supremacy, that, when a workman empties a bottle of beer, it is his duty to break the bottle, so as to create for some other workman the job of making a new one!

Powderly's high standing in the labour world suffered seriously when he carried his leadership into politics. He was more suc-

cessful, perhaps, than Gompers has been thus far, but he has had so many ups and downs that, in figuring the net total, one is moved to wonder whether the downs have not at least taken the taste out of the ups. Gompers would do well to review the vicissitudes of his old rival before carrying his own campaigns much farther, in the light of the possibility that Organized Society may have some rights as sacred as the rights of Organized Labour, and a not less decisive way of asserting them when its patience has been overtaxed.

WASHINGTON, *September 28, 1916.*

W. BOURKE COCKRAN

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, who has been widely exploited in the press as a defender of the Mooneys in the San Francisco bomb-plot trial, must often be reminded of Byron's

> Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
> In the despatch—

for no one has suffered more than Cockran, ever since he first launched his engaging eloquence upon a listening world, from distortions of his simple patronymic into Cockrane, Cockrain, Cochran, Cochrane, and other forms evolved by the ingenuity of news editors. But, however the papers may differ in their spellings, they are practically unanimous in their judgment that he is without a rival as a public speaker. This does not mean that his oratory is convincing to a mind which is beyond capture by phrases, but only that he is fascinating, and that the longer you subject yourself to his spell the more of an appetite

you have for what is still to come. Part of this effect is due to his presence, which is impressive, and part to his voice, which is bass music flavoured with the faintest hint of a brogue, but most of it to his faculty for descriptive epigrams, and to the surprises he springs upon his audience from time to time by giving his argument a sudden and startling twist back upon itself. I recall hearing him denounce in Washington the income-tax project of 1894. His plea was not based on the burdens already borne by the rich which it would be unfair to increase, but went clear to the opposite aspect of the case, complaining because the poor, having no incomes large enough to tax, would be shut off from their due share of participation in the support of the Government! He represented a district in New York in which a large element lived on day's wages, and he was proud, he declared, to be the champion of Cherry Hill against Murray Hill.

This recalled to my memory a case he argued in the early days of his law practice, as counsel for a railway company sued by an old woman who had been run down by a train and

badly crippled. She had fixed her damages at $25,000; but the company was hoping to get this reduced to $15,000, and its president was almost paralyzed when Cockran, after producing such evidence as he could to show that the trainmen were not to blame, addressed to the jury a warning not to let sentiment sway them from the strict line of logic. "If we were at fault," said he, with marked deliberation, "then $25,000 would not be a penny too much to give this woman for the terrible disfigurement she has suffered; but if the accident was unavoidable, then it would be criminal to compel us to pay for what we could not help. Remember, gentlemen, that you are under oath to deal justly between the parties to this case, and you must make it either $25,000 or nothing at all!" Probably two-thirds of the audience agreed with the frightened president in expecting this audacious challenge to bring an award of full damages, and were as astonished as he when the jury returned, with very brief delay, a verdict in favour of the company.

I heard Cockran make the speech with which he held fifteen thousand persons spell-

bound in the rude wooden wigwam on the Chicago lake-front at the close of the Democratic National Convention of 1892. It was about three in the morning, and all the delegates and most of the spectators had been there since four o'clock of the afternoon before, a terrific thunderstorm having raged for a large part of the night; yet neither their weary bodies nor their strained nerves let their attention wander as his facile tongue set forth reason after reason why the Convention ought not to nominate Cleveland for President. They knew as well as he that all this was a waste of words, but not a score of his hearers, however unfriendly, would willingly have foregone the treat he offered, of which the acme was reached when he asserted:

"Mr. Cleveland *is* popular—"

The Tammany men looked blank, and the other faction leaned forward to catch the coming confession; but Cockran, pausing just a second, finished his sentence:

"—in Republican States, because his Democracy is not offensive to Republicans"; and went on:

I believe he is a man of extraordinary popularity on

every day of the year—except election-day. It is a popularity which may be described as tumultuous, but it is not calculated to produce votes. It is calculated to produce enthusiasm for four months before the convention, and disappointment for four years thereafter!

Cockran is of Irish birth, French education, Manhattan Island politics. With this mixture of antecedents, it is scarcely strange that he has been found in a variety of partisan affiliations during his public career of nearly thirty years. He fought Tammany Hall till it took him in; stayed in it till Boss Croker made it uncomfortable for him, and has been alternately for and against it ever since; supported the Democratic ticket with a poor grace in 1892 because Cleveland headed it, and the Republican ticket in 1896 because he could not stomach Bryan and free-silver coinage; boomed Bryan in 1900 on the anti-imperialist pronouncements of the platform, but visited the Philippines in Taft's time and came back with his views of imperialism made over; supported Parker in 1904 because Roosevelt was threatening American institutions with demoralization or destruction, but got under the Progressive banner about the

time that Roosevelt's grip on it was loosening. One is sometimes tempted to wonder how far he might have gone politically if he had not spent so much of his life in just catching up with himself. Persons of a skeptical turn of mind, moreover, are suspicious of the sincerity of a man who can make so lightning-like a series of changes; but Cockran's philosophy is doubtless much like that of the Indian who, found wandering about the desert in search of his home, refused to admit that he was lost, because "Inyun here; tepee lost." If party conditions did not change so often, Mr. Cockran wouldn't—perhaps.

Cockran was laid up in the midst of one campaign by an accident in riding. As he described it, the horse started to run away, and he threw himself off to save his life, landing face downward in the middle of a gravelled road, and receiving some painful bruises. No one who has seen him astride a horse could marvel at what happened: a more distressed figure it would be hard to imagine, looking as if he were bent on reaching destination ahead of his steed, and full of anxiety over the prospect. With a dog he appears to better advan-

tage, for he is fond of dogs. Indeed, the story among his friends is that his reason for taking up gratuitously in 1890 the final appeal of the murderer Kemmler, the first victim of the death-chair, was that the preliminary experiments with the electric current as a death-dealer had been made on dogs, which endured tortures before the decisive shock put them out of their misery; and from this he argued that electrocution was a cruel and unusual punishment within the meaning of the Constitution.

A head of Napoleonic weight; brows with the upward and inward slant that has marked those of Henry Ward Beecher and other famous swayers of multitudes; a broad jaw; a mouth which, though rather heavy, is notably flexible; a frame six feet in height with a breadth in proportion: here is the picture of the man as the public see him. And it must be said for the quality of his work as a speaker that, unlike the majority of professional orators, he is equally effective whether he stands in the midst of a crowd on the same level, or mounted higher and facing them from a stage.

WASHINGTON, *September 27, 1917.*

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

Form 410